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MAY 12, 1958

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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VOL. LXXI NO. 19



THIS NEW HOTPOINT 2-DOOR GIVES YOU EXTRA ROOM FOR FREEZING AND STORING IN ITS 101-POUND REAL FREEZER

NO OTHER "12" STORES SO MUCH FOOD AS THIS NEW HOTPOINT 2-DOOR

Compare its true capacity with any other major brand of comparable size

You Can Store more foods of *all kinds* in this new 12-cubic-foot Hotpoint 2-door than in any other 1938 major-brand refrigerator rated at the same capacity. Empty one shopping-bag after another—there's always room for more in this big beauty.

Built-In Stor-Ability is the reason—more *usable* food space inside. Not a single cubic foot is wasted by bulky shelf rails, brackets, or center posts. All

the room is *store-room*. There's extra, accessible store-away space in *both doors*, too, including the complete Dairy-Stor, and a special, deep shelf for big quart bottles.

Rolls Out From The Wall—so easy to get back of it. Automatic defrosting, of course. Your choice of beautiful Colortones or gleaming white. See it at your dealer's soon and . . . *compare*.

LOOK FOR THAT HOTPOINT DIFFERENCE

Hotpoint

HOTPOINT CO.

(A Division of General Electric Company), Chicago 44



Now "16" Is Even Bigger. Giant 6-cu.-ft. freezer below, 10-cu.-ft. refrigerator above. Takes no extra wall space.

HOLD TOMORROW IN YOUR HAND!



New Norelco® Speedshaver

Just introduced, it is amazing men with a shave that's razor-blade close, yet easy on the face as only Norelco's rotary blades can be!

First your fingers feel its light precision balance. Behind that jet-age design is the famous rotary blade shave. It made Norelco the world's largest-selling shaver.

This Norelco Speedshaver is completely new. Plug it in. How quiet. Yet you sense its power. Now, give it a try. How smooth. No pull. No burn. Is it shaving? It sure is. Feel your face. How clean. The reason? Swift rotary blades beneath stationary skin-guards shave your beard with the same smooth stroke as a barber's blade. To clean, push button. Top flips up. It's clean in a second.

Every shaver ever made takes a back seat to this one. Hold Tomorrow in your hand—Today. New Norelco Speedshaver deluxe in two-tone jet gray and white, with travel case. Model SC7900 AC/DC **\$24.95.**

See the new Norelco Speedshaver demonstrated on the Jack Paar NBC Television Show

For the ladies . . . NEW NORELCO GOLDEN DEBUTANTE now \$14.95 and NEW DELUXE LADY NORELCO \$24.95 for gentle grooming, both AC/DC.

For outdoorsmen, motorists . . . NEW NORELCO SPORTSMAN runs on ordinary flashlight batteries or plugs into your car lighter. Now only \$24.95.

Here's what makes Norelco the one shaver that's completely new!



Tomorrow's velvet-touch luxury! Contour skin-stretcher rim stands whiskers erect, holds them erect for Norelco's rotary blades to stroke off below skin-level for a lasting shave.



Tomorrow's stroke of genius! Self-sharpening rotary blades, shown here in "X-ray" view beneath stationary skin guards, stroke off whiskers gently, cleanly, whichever way they grow.




Tomorrow's push-button cleaning! Push the button and flip-top head springs open. "Whisker dust" empties out in a second. Entire head easily removed for thorough cleaning.



New high-speed motor! There's continuous power behind Norelco's rotary blade shave. New Speedshaver brush motor, permanently lubricated, is the quietest, coolest-running ever!

NORELCO is known as PHILSHAVE in Canada and the free world. North American Philips Company, Inc., and associated companies, 100 E. 42nd St., N.Y. 17, N.Y.
Also: High Fidelity Phonographs, Tape Recorders, Research and Control Instruments, Medical X-Ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.



MONSANTO CHEMISTRY IN ACTION...

CONQUEST IN

New product design in virtually every industry is stimulated by the potentials of Monsanto products such as those used in the "House of the Future."**

Because Monsanto, as a basic source of phosphates, plastics, petrochemicals and many other organic chemicals, has much to offer its customers, they enjoy expert technical service, stable pricing and assured delivery. If your business can profit from improved product design, and what business can't, chances are there's a Monsanto material which can help add production efficiency and selling appeal. Just a few of the many uses made of Monsanto products are shown at the right.

DESIGN

The Monsanto plastic "House of the Future," now on display at Disneyland, Anaheim, California



New lighter trains made possible with Monsanto plastic materials



Furniture drawers of Lustrex® plastic clean easily; won't warp



Saflex® interlayer imparts stylish safety to glass doors, shower stalls



Monsanto's adhesives help make strong, versatile plywood



Coatings with Opalon® resins add style—protect metals, fabrics, glass



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WORKS WONDERS FOR YOU

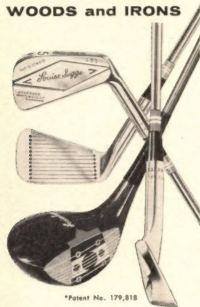
Monsanto Chemical Co., St. Louis 24, Missouri

**A cooperative venture of Monsanto and 12 leading U. S. building supplies manufacturers: American Motors Corporation (Kelvinator Division) • Armstrong Cork Company • Bell Telephone System • Chemstrand Corporation • Crane Company • National Lead Company • Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation • Sylvania Electric Products, Incorporated • United States Time Company • The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company • Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company • Mobay Chemical Company.

*REG. U. S. TRADEMARKS



**LOUISE SUGGS says
you can play them
closer to the pin with
MacGregor "Empress"
WOODS and IRONS**



*Patent No. 179,818

Just one look at these new MacGregor Louise Suggs "Empress" clubs will tell you how beautiful they are. But the real beauty is in the way they play. Try one of the new "V-elocitized" woods. See how they give the ball faster get-away, extra distance. Try one of the new irons with MacGregor's exclusive "Recessed Weight" design. Feel the extra control it gives you. See the added yardage you get. These new irons have a built-in "forward press", too. Both woods and irons feature the new MacGregor Pro-Pel Action shafts. MacGregor "Empress" clubs are real beauties... to see and to play! At Your Pro Shop now.

Louise Suggs, winner of more major titles than any woman golfer in history, member MacGregor Advisory Staff.

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LETTERS

Stout Fello

SIR: WOW THAT COVER [April 21]. MAKE MINE GUINNESS.

TANGIER

Sir:

Imaginative Artist Ben Shahn, with judicious frugality of line, has portrayed Alec Guinness' anonymity as a man while presenting the mirror image of the actor who lives through the looking glass in his make-believe world of grease paint and spirit gum.

PHIL LINK

Reidsville, N.C.

Sir: Seems to me that the boy from West London deserves to be knighted.

WESLEY F. PRATZNER

Boston

Sir:

You had better stick to your funny (if often unfair) reviews of movies rather than delve into the murky, misquid metaphysics of a great artist who needs your bewildering appraisal like he needs a hole in the head.

C. J. KILGORE, M.D.

San Francisco

Sir:

Neither Webster nor Wodehouse defines "faithful broly" with which Guinness is braced. Anything like a spot of the tiddy?

ROBERT S. ALDRICH

Los Gatos, Calif.

¶ Broly is an abominable Briticism for umbrella (and tiddy is a short beer).—Ed.

Negro Crime

Sir:

The publication of the Negro crime article [April 21] is a cinch to woo back the Faubus-following racists TIME lost during the Little Rock episode, who, no doubt, will take the article's title and figures literally.

MERTIS L. GOLDEN

Oakland, Calif.

Sir:

It was highly reassuring to have TIME admit that integration has wholly failed in the North and that, once Northern people realize that fact, some possible progress may be expected.

J. OWEN REYNOLDS

Lexington, Ky.

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TIME SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE
540 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago 11, Illinois

TIME
May 12, 1958

Sir:

Damn you, TIME. Every time I get ready to cancel my subscription you come out with an article like this.

W. E. MINER

Columbia, S.C.

Sir:

This article is the most vicious and insidious attack on the Negro people that I have seen since I, as a boy in Mississippi, by chance found a copy of McCormick's Chicago Tribune.

RAY WARD WEST

Seattle

Sir:

During the past six months, representatives of the Seattle police department and the Seattle Urban League have been conducting a survey of Negro crime, in order to develop programs of rehabilitation and prevention. Northern communities have to shed their finger-pointing and false pride, and realize that they too have a responsibility for correcting flagrant racial situations, particularly in housing.

EDWIN T. PRATT

Seattle Urban League

Seattle

Philippine Follies

Sir:

Your article on the Philippines and Mr. Garcia [April 21] is a gross understatement. Things are twice as bad as you relate. Political graft, moral corruption, and a general desire to be spoon-fed is the actual situation.

JOS. LEGRANDE

Manila, P.I.

Teachers & Time

Sir:

The National Association of Secondary-School Principals' directive urging members to "question the continuation of subscriptions to TIME and LIFE—TIME, April 21] can in no way be construed as censorship. In educational circles, canceling a subscription is what is known as a critical and dynamic re-evaluation of our selective skills.

WILLIAM A. GROMKO

Uncasville, Conn.

Sir:

Concerning the article on the National Association of Secondary-School Principals' opposition to the LIFE series on education,

Change of Address: Send old address (exactly as printed on mailing label of your copy of TIME) and new address (with zone number if any)—allow three weeks for change-over.

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Volume LXXI
Number 19

TIME, MAY 12, 1958

*the luxurious
Cattigara*
silk suit gets
top billing
this summer*

For sheer luxury, nothing quite equals the almost weightless delight of a 100% silk Cattigara suit by Hart Schaffner & Marx.

The fabric, woven of Douppioni yarns in Italy, is of regal richness. Run your hand across the superb texture, and you begin to understand the cool promise of 100% silk.

While you're dreaming up all kinds of luxuries for your family, how about pampering *yourself*? Try on a Cattigara! It is, without question, the finest.

The styling, tailoring and color-tones are incomparable... definitely in the "best dressed" category for summer.

All that needs to be added is your own pleasure at adding a Cattigara suit to your wardrobe.

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

*The name that means
so much to so many
well-dressed men.*

**HART
SCHAFFNER
& MARX**



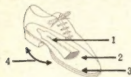
let
your feet feel
the wonderful
difference

When your feet are tired, you're tired all over. Treat your feet to the wonderful difference, the extraordinary good fit of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes. Enjoy the comfort you gain from Wright's 4 Exclusive features—designed to help you stay on the go, to step easier, livelier.



Illustrated Style 550

The shoe that lets your feet really breathe! Soft — ventilated — unlined forepart. Brown or black grained calfskin.



- 1 Famous Wright Arch Preserver Shank
- 2 Metatarsal raise — for weight distribution
- 3 Flat forepart — permits foot exercise
4. Heel-to-hall fitting — shoe fits to foot action

wright
arch preserver shoes

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E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC. ROCKLAND, MASS.

let me advise that I have taken these LIFE issues to my classroom so that all the students may read them.

ASA N. CASTERLIN

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Sir:

Neither LIFE nor TIME subscriptions will be renewed for our school.

RAYMOND L. LUCAS
Principal

Seaside High School
Waterford, Conn.

Sir:

FIRST QUARTER

Student: TIME
Subject: Education

Content	B
Emotional Adjustment	A
Language	A+
Otherdirectedness	A

Teacher: Fred Harding
Bakersfield, Calif.

Economic Winter

Sir:

Re Ike's "Buy" and Congress's headlong anti-recession plans (TIME, April 21): Once again in a winter of our economy the frugal ants are being called upon to support the improvident grasshoppers.

ROBERT S. PICARD, M.D.
Shreveport, La.

Sir:

The recession can be traced very largely to a revolt of the FIGs (Fixed Income Groups) against the wage-price spiral. If this spiral is not stopped, the FIGs will, in the end, be starved out of existence.

C. EDWARD GRAVES
Carmel, Calif.

Sir:

The trouble is that business has not the guts to tell off the unions.

EDWARD K. SMITH
Marblehead, Mass.

Sir:

Lower the drinking age to 16—tax money will put everybody right back on their feet.

B. FRANK DEFORD
H. BLAIR KLEIN
WILLIAM S. MORSE
EARL W. SHAPIRO

Princeton University
Princeton, N.J.

Sir:

I am spending more money in 1958 than ever before, but not on automobiles made in the U.S.A. The U.S.A. has got to a point where it makes the poorest cars in the world.

PERRY A. ANDERSON

Chicago

Sir:

Apparently not only 1958 models have been unattractive to Professor Sumner Slichter [who drives a 1951 Ford—TIME, April 28] but also 1957, 1956, 1955, 1954, 1953 and 1952 models. I have been trying to contact the professor on a nice clean 1928 DeSoto that I am having some trouble selling.

NORMAN VICKERY

Mansfield, Mass.

What's Sane?

Sir:

Your article [April 21] distorts and omits facts in presenting what should be a full-dress debate on the arms race, nuclear and otherwise. You are certainly aware that an

Fasten seat belts, please!



IT'S A SOUND safety precaution well known on the airlines—but a far more important one for every motorist—to keep from being numbered in the terrific toll of highway deaths and injuries.

Today, with properly installed seat belts in your car, you and your family can enjoy 60% greater safety when driving.

This good news is the result of years of intensive research and investigation of thousands of accidents by leading universities, doctors, police departments, national safety organizations, military and government officials. A special committee of the United States Congress after exhaustive hearings on automobile seat belts reported that "seat belts provide a substantial additional degree of safety to the motorist and are a valuable safety device".

So in the interest of safety for your family, install seat belts now!

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a booklet filled
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for safe and
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This is all I need to know about engines!

Pennzoil is all today's farmer needs to know about his mechanical "horses".

For this Tough-Film® Pennsylvania oil has a permanently active ingredient (called Z-7) that stops loss of horsepower. Improves mileage. Won't break down between oil changes.

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Contaflex, eye-level, 35mm reflex camera, sights and focuses with unrivalled brilliance, seeing through the great f/2.8 Zeiss Tessar lens with wide open diaphragm. Operates at pre-set opening and speed at a touch of the finger. Now various models make possible, with accessories and supplementary lenses, these functions: regular photography (split second, time, and deferred exposure), closeups to 6", magnification to 1.7 diameters, stereos, copying, telephoto, and wide angle shots. At leading dealers. Send for free Contaflex booklet CT21.

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end to nuclear tests is part of the official U.S. disarmament package. This committee has publicly endorsed the President's recent proposals to Khrushchev. We differ from Administration policy on what step should be taken first: we advocate separation of the nuclear test ban from the total package.

For the record, I want to clarify the position of the National Committee. The N.C.F.A.S.N.P. advocates:

► Cessation of nuclear weapons tests by all countries through a U.N.-monitored agreement to detect violations. Detection is now conceded to be technically possible by the AEC's Dr. Willard Libby. The degree of detectability, while not absolute, is such that risks of hidden explosions are certainly less than the risks of continuing along the road we now travel.

► International control of missiles and outer-space satellites. (Incidentally, President Eisenhower has made a similar proposal.)

Meaningful disarmament will come with the will to provide the means for settling international disputes without force of arms. One major ingredient: a stronger U.N.

TREVOR THOMAS
Executive Secretary

National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy
New York City

¶ In differing with the Administration "only" on whether first to stop tests or first to get an inspection and production-control agreement, the committee differs utterly. Says Libby: "The whole thing turns on the matter of inspection and . . . the suspension of production [is] very, very important."—Ed.

Sir:
It's about time that those of us in favor of continuing nuclear weapons tests made ourselves as articulate as those opposed. Such airing of approval would be especially appropriate in the present propaganda fracas created by Russia's post-test ban.

H. LAWRENCE JONES

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sir:
Instead of attempting to stop the tests at Eniwetok, we should urge the Atomic Energy Commission to load each atomic and hydrogen bomb with vitamins so that the fallout will be good for us.

GEORGE J. HUGHES

Chicago

Joys of Travel

Sir:
Your April 23 review of *Fielding's Travel Guide* is terrific.

JAMES A. LEFTWICH

La Jolla, Calif.

Sir:
The Fielding beacon was our guiding light many "thrift season" months ago . . . But a word of warning or advice might be apropos:

*So intriguingly recommended for its fado purism
Was one place ruined by American tourism.
Apparently Fielding's kudos served to cheapen it;
For which I felt he made his Baedeker now let him sleep in it.*

RAY G. GOODMAN

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Sir:
Your story has recharged our travel-worn batteries with glowing new *joie de vivre*. Our deep thanks.

NANCY AND TEMPLE FIELDING
Stamford, Conn.

A HOME-TOWN BUSINESS

THE BELL SYSTEM is nationwide yet the telephone business is largely a local business.

Research, manufacturing and a certain amount of over-all direction are handled centrally because experience has proved it is the better way.

But the job of serving people locally is handled by the operating companies throughout the country, organized to fit the needs of the particular sections they serve. Your Bell Telephone Company is one of these.

It is distinctly a home-town business because of the personal nature of telephone service.

Ninety-five out of every one hundred calls are local. They're made-to-order right on the spot. On all matters of service you have the very great advantage of dealing directly with the company and its people.

Your telephone company is managed locally and it pays taxes locally.



TELEPHONE INSTALLER visits a home-town family to install color telephones. He and his truck are familiar sights around town. Courtesy rides with him wherever he goes.

You probably know men and women in your town who work for it and have seen and heard of their active part in the welfare of the community. Local people have an investment in the business through their ownership of A. T. & T. stock.

Wherever there are new telephone buildings going up, or jobs

of maintenance, there are jobs for local builders, architects, painters, carpenters, plumbers, electricians and many others.

So the Bell Telephone Company isn't something far away but close to you wherever you live and a friendly, helpful part of the community. That is the way you'd like it to be and we try very hard to run it that way.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



NAA is at work in the fields of the future



THE DAY AN AMERICAN RETURNS FROM OUTER SPACE...

...will be another V-day for the free world—greater, perhaps, than any it has yet known.

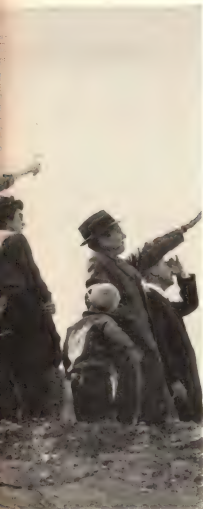
In the inner offices of the Pentagon... in secret areas of our defense industries... no effort is being spared to speed the day.

For it will be a human pilot—in command of a craft that will bring both him and his secrets safely home—that will truly conquer Outer Space.

The first American craft to attempt this conquest is now in its final construction stage. It's the X-15... missile-shaped and rocket-powered... product of a scientific project sponsored by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, the Air Force, and the Navy. It will discover what man encounters when he enters space—and when he returns to the earth's atmosphere.

America is closing the gap

The Army's Explorers give us dramatic



Back from beyond, the pilots of NAA's X-15 rocket plane will report on the new problems they discover in Outer Space.



Outward bound, USAF's Thor vaults into space on the mighty thrust of a rocket engine built by the Rocketdyne Division.

the GAM-77, advanced air-to-ground missile for the Air Force B-52.

Both missiles and aircraft depend on automatic control systems—the electronic eyes and ears of the Space Age. Autonetics Division is producing these vital systems in quantity—with complete reliability.

The new weapon-system concept

America now shapes its defense around complete weapon systems, each designed for a specific role. Some will be guided to target by electronics; others will have a human pilot's ability to change plans or report results. NAA builds both—and both are needed for complete security.

Los Angeles Division is building two advanced manned weapon systems for tomorrow's Air Force: the B-70, which will have global range and fly more than 2,000 mph; and the F-108, which will intercept would-be

invaders far from our shores—and give us the reach to quash little wars before they become big.

Toward a brighter tomorrow

Many of North American's people are working on projects that promise a more abundant life for a world at peace. The Atomics International Division, for example, is developing practical methods for turning atomic energy into low-cost electricity. Two major power reactors are already in operation; a third is on the way for fifteen Southwest utility companies.

Today, in North American and its divisions, you'll find as potent a combination of scientists, engineers, and production men as any in American industry. Because they are constantly forging ahead into vital new technologies, much of their work holds immense promise for science and industry.

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This year, let a diamond make memorable that special anniversary, or important birthday, a debut, the birth of a child, or any significant event.

1/2 carat, \$200 to \$475
 1 carat, \$540 to \$1250
 2 carats, \$1600 to \$3500
 3 carats, \$2727 to \$6374

Color, cutting and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to a diamond's value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser. Prices shown cover range of quotations in April, 1954, by representative jewelers for their top-quality unmounted diamonds. (Federal tax extra.) Prices vary with top qualities offered. Exceptionally fine stones are higher.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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RESISTANT TO THE SUB

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THE GROWING CHEVROLET: 1928, 1939, 1948, 1958

A letter from the PUBLISHER

James A. Linen

WHAT'S wrong? Have the grown too big? Are they too chromy? Too expensive? Or are people just buying mighty careful with their money? Seeking the answers to the question of the year—why the 1978 cars are not selling—*Time* correspondents in 21 cities, from Boston to Seattle, talked to hundreds of dealers, mechanics, gas-station attendants and those bona fide experts, the drivers. To help Detroit Bureau Chief Marshall Berger with the bulk of the research, *Time*'s Chief of Correspondents James Shepley flew out for interviews with the heads of the Big Three companies—Henry Ford II of Ford, Harlow Curtice of General Motors and L. L. "Tex" Colbert of Chrysler. From a research package of 130,000 words, *Time*'s editors came to a clear analysis of a complex situation. **SEE BUSINESS. On the Slow Road.**

facts that added up to electrifying economic news: the farm recession is over. For the story of the upswing that could give the economy an uplift, see NATIONAL AFFAIRS, **Boom Times**.

AS the polls opened one morning last week, the first voter strode in stark naked except for a straw hat. It happened in Koumea, Togoland, where the voter's garb and his vote were in a sense symbols of the powerful drive toward independence in Africa. The story of how the Togolanders chose their man and then doused him with white powder as a sign of victory is told in FOREIGN NEWS, "Masters in Our Own House."

THERE is no recession in Oskaloosa, Iowa. Hogs and cattle are up, and so are chickens and eggs. New-car sales are rolling well ahead of last year, and traded-in tractors are being resold before the new paint is dry. In Oskaloosa and other farm towns from Massachusetts to California and from North Dakota to Texas, TIME last week found

WHEN baseball's Roy Campanella was found crushed in an overturned car three months ago, the best medical umpires knew that there were two strikes on him. Ever since then, Campy has been fighting back, and now he faces the challenge of medicine's new "third phase": rehabilitation. For the story of an exciting area of medicine that has helped thousands of patients crippled like Campy, see **MEDICINE. Back to Life.**

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It's here! The bigger, faster

Here's great news, especially for Viscount fans. A new Viscount is flying in America now! It has all the popular features of the original Viscount—including the smooth, silent speed of jet-prop flight, the big panoramic windows, the wide comfortable seats. But there are many important innovations.

First, the Viscount II is the *fastest* medium-range airliner aloft. With its powerful Rolls-Royce jet-prop engines, it speeds across the skies at 365 mph. Yet inside you hear only a soft, restful purr.



Continental Air Lines gets latest version of world's most popular airliner . . . service starts May 28.

Jet-prop VISCOUNT II

POWERED BY FOUR ROLLS-ROYCE ENGINES

And the new Viscount II is more spacious, more sumptuous. Even with a seating capacity half again as great as its famous predecessor, you'll find more seat and leg room, broader aisles and a luxurious lounge.

The new Viscount II was designed to please operators as well as passengers. Its operating costs will be even lower than those of the original Viscount—which the Air Transport Association of America found *lowest* of all modern

4-engine aircraft operating in the United States.

The new Viscount II is one Jet Age airliner you don't have to wait for . . . Continental Airlines is inaugurating Viscount II flights May 28 on their Los Angeles, Denver, Kansas City and Chicago routes. This is the first jet-prop service west of the Mississippi.

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NEWEST FROM THE WORLD LEADER IN JET-PROP AIRCRAFT . . .

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Now you can fly jet-prop Viscounts almost anywhere in North America . . . with Capital Airlines in the East, Continental Air Lines in the West, Trans-Canada Air

Lines to Canada, Cubana in Cuba, TACA International Airlines to Central America, Eagle Aviation in Bermuda, BWIA to Nassau and the Caribbean.



Super fuel to win the space race

As man ventures farther and farther into space, the search is on for new super fuels to lift the bulky equipment of interplanetary travel outside the earth's orbit. But there's one tremendous source of energy we've always had in

America. Bacon named it when he said, "Knowledge is power."

Education for everyone, regardless of ability to pay, is an American tradition. Behind the first settlers came the first schoolteachers. And the so-called "Wild West" was studded with one-room schoolhouses. Some of the early textbooks were printed by Rand McNally. Nowadays book manufacturing is one of our biggest jobs. A large share of the

books we print and publish are destined for America's schools and colleges. Like the educators whom we serve, we realize the children of today are the greatest natural asset a nation can have tomorrow.



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

'The Frightening Significance'

In the center of the diplomatic stage at the United Nations, under the glaring floodlights of world interest and hope, the U.S. sought agreement last week on a practical first step toward easing the strains of cold war: it proposed an international inspection system in the Arctic to provide protection against surprise attack. But in the center of that same stage, under the same glare of floodlights, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics said *nyet* (see FOREIGN NEWS)—and proved beyond any last lingering doubt that it is more interested in the propaganda of peace than in the reality.

Speaking that night in Durham, N.H., on his way to the NATO conference in Copenhagen, John Foster Dulles, genuinely disheartened, departed from his prepared text. "At the choice of the Soviet Union, the fears and risks continue. They continue for one reason alone, and that is because the Soviet Union rejects international inspection against surprise attack. The significance of that is frightening. The result is tragic. It means that at the will and choice of the Soviet Union, we shall have to go on living on the edge of an awful abyss."



Walter Bennett

SECRETARY DULLES
At the edge of an abyss.

THE PRESIDENCY

Tougher & Better

Dwight Eisenhower slapped hard on the Cabinet table in front of him, snapped Republican congressional leaders out of their early-morning reverie. "It's a dolt," said the President of the U.S. "I'm not going to stand for it." Ike was angered by the attempts of congressional Democrats to turn his unemployment-compensation bill into a loosely drawn federal handout to the states. And last week's humiliating defeat of the Democratic bill in the House of Representatives (see THE CONGRESS) was impressive evidence that Dwight Eisenhower—looking better and feeling better, more willing to fight for his own programs, more willing to use the big stick of his veto power against programs he opposes—has galvanized his party into the most effective, best coordinated action since he took office.

"I Do Believe..." Ike's free-swinging mood was implicit in his answers at his news conference, his sixth in a row after a long period of ducking out. Items:

ON RECREATION: "I do believe that there is very continued and emphatic evidence that the decline is flattening out."

ON DEFENSE REORGANIZATION: "Either we are going to do the right thing for the country and its defensive mechanism, or we are not... The essentials of the plan that I laid out are, to my mind, mandatory if the U.S. is going to be properly defended as economically as possible."

ON VICE PRESIDENT NIXON'S FUTURE: "We are warm friends, I admire him and I respect him. I have said this dozens of times; but, more than that, I have got a duty as I see it, to keep him as well-informed on the operations of this Government, all of the major decisions, as I possibly can... Now, when it comes to the successor, as far as I am concerned the candidate will be named by the Republican Party, and I submit that I think there are a lot of darn good men that could be used."

ON HIS OWN TEMPER: "I would be less than human if I were always a Pollyanna."

ON NEWS CONFERENCES: "I believe [the American people] want to see the President probably capable of going through the whole range of subjects that can be fired at him... The press conference is a very fine latter-day American institution."

ON OUT-OF-TOWN VACATIONS: "I do not believe that any individual, whether

he is running General Motors or the United States of America, can do the best job by just sitting at a desk and putting his face in a bunch of papers... Actually [the President] ought to be trying to keep his mind free of inconsequential detail and doing his own thinking on the basic principles and factors that he believes are important, so that he can make clearer and better judgments."

"I Enjoy..." The President's renewed enthusiasm for his job was apparent, too, as he tackled its massive problems on a day-by-day basis. At one recent Cabinet meeting, the discussion swirled around the topic of economic recession. Said one participant, as the session broke up: "You must get tired of talking about this same subject day after day." Came the reply: "Oh no! I enjoy the give and take." Similarly, White House visitors find themselves kept after their allotted time by a President eager to talk about national problems and issues. In fact, the President has thrown his own hours-minutes-seconds schedule off the track to the point that Appointments Secretary Tom Stephens, as one White House staffer puts it, has "chewed his nails down to the knuckles."

Along with revived energy, the President has suddenly come to feel at home



Edward Clark-Lips

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER
In the give-and-take swirl.



MILLS



McCORMACK



HERLONG



SMITH

By dint of 60 dissident Southerners and a bill from the floor.

United Press; Associated Press; International; Walter Bennett

with his big and little political powers. Never before has he used his veto weapon with such telling effect as in his refusal to sign the recent whole-hog rivers and harbors pork barrel (TIME, April 28) and the Democratic attempt at freezing high farm supports at their present level. Those vetoes told the Congress, which had long since come to the point of discounting presidential influence, that Ike means business. For the first time G.O.P. congressional leaders are able to count on partisan coordination—instead of benign nonpartisanship—from the White House. Says Republican Whip Les Arends of Illinois: "Those veto actions firmed things up as far as we Republicans are concerned."

Mostly because of President Eisenhower's determination to do battle, the prospects are good that Congress will preserve the essentials of his foreign aid program, his reciprocal trade bill and his Pentagon reorganization plan—despite the entrenched hostility and opposition to all three on Capitol Hill. If his present mood continues, Dwight Eisenhower might make 1958 the most successful year of his Administration so far.

THE ECONOMY

The Hot Red Breath

"A recession is an expensive luxury," said Central Intelligence Agency Director Allen Dulles to 700 U.S. Chamber of Commerce delegates after a satisfying lunch of ham with raisin sauce and apple pie with cheese in Washington's flossy Mayflower Hotel. "Soviet propagandists have had a field day in recent months pounding away at American free enterprise." And just in case some complacent citizens, including a few drowsy ones in his audience, did not know that the Soviet economy is coming up fast to make it a real race, Dulles ticked off some dry facts:

¶ Russia's gross national product, already second largest in the world, although less than half that of the U.S., is rising twice as fast.

¶ Soviet state capitalism concentrates its new investments in electric power, basic metals and production plants, will probably top the shrinking U.S. investment in these fields this year.

¶ U.S.S.R. machine-tool output, already double the U.S. volume of two years ago, continues to expand without recession worries.

¶ The Sino-Soviet bloc's steel mills outpoured the slowed-down (54% of capacity) U.S. plants for the first time in the first quarter of this year.

¶ The Soviets, using U.S. accomplishments as targets even in their weak areas, have plans to produce by 1972 as much crude oil as the U.S. pumps now.

THE CONGRESS

Down with the Dole

On the floor of the House one afternoon last week, Arkansas Democrat Wilbur Mills manfully walked over and reached out a congratulatory hand to Republican Whip Leslie Arends of Illinois. Arends smiled broadly, said: "Sorry to do this to you, Wilbur." What Arends and his G.O.P. colleagues had done was indeed worth a handshake. With a remarkable rebuke to Ways & Means Chairman Mills, the House, after two days of strenuous debate, voted down a \$1.3 billion Democratic proposal for extending unemployment compensation benefits that President Eisenhower had called "a dole." Passed instead, with minor revisions, was the moderate \$587 million bill originally proposed by the Eisenhower Administration as a temporary measure.

The Administration measure extended unemployment compensation payments 50% beyond state limits (which now range from 16 to 30 weeks, depending on state laws), with the Federal Government lending the money to the states. But no sooner had the proposal reached Capitol Hill than House Ways & Means Committee Democrats came up with a far more lavish plan. The committee approved (16-9) a bill providing a flat 16 extra weeks' compensation (TIME, April 28), airily ruling out repayment by the states. The Democrats boosted the bill's cost about three-quarters of a billion dollars by the 16-week ruling and by specifying coverage for 900,000 seasonal laborers, fishermen, government employees and others, who cannot now qualify for state compensation payments. The Democratic

version won House Speaker Sam Rayburn's approval. And it headed for the floor under the aegis of Ways & Means Chairman Mills, who as head of a prestige-heavy committee could expect his recommendations, merit aside, to be accepted by the majority party almost without question.

Retreat to the Queen. Mills, in his first important test since he became Ways & Means boss last January, reckoned without another House chairman with rank as imperial and voice as loud. When the Democratic version reached the Rules Committee for processing, Virginia's cautious, wily Howard Smith took one look and decided he didn't like it. Too many votes were stacked against him for Rules Chairman Smith to pigeonhole the measure alongside other pieces of legislation that have displeased him in the past. But the bill, when the Rules Committee voted it out for consideration last week, carried a potentially crippling rule, i.e., during the six-hour debate it would be open to any and all floor amendments.

Cigar-chewing, face-screwing Howard Smith had only begun to operate. It was a bill on which Northern Republicans and Southern conservative Democrats, disenchanted with each other since last year's civil rights fight, could come together. Smith helped round up some 60 dissident Southerners. Minority Leader Joe Martin caucused the Republicans, kept them in line behind the Eisenhower version of the bill. As debate opened at midweek, Republican strength had become so obvious that Sam Rayburn gave up the battle and ducked off to Virginia to crown Her Majesty, the queen of the Shenandoah Apple Blossom Festival.

On to the Senate. Left to run the show, Wilbur Mills and Majority Leader John McCormack did as well as they could. Cried McCormack: "It is the old battle of the forces of progressive outlook against those of status quo, the old battle of service to the people." Workers who are not covered by compensation, pleaded Mills, "get just as hungry, their children suffer just as much." Missouri Republican Thomas B. Curtis offered a reasoned rebuttal: extending compensation for eligible jobless and taking them

off welfare eases the strain on welfare rolls so that they can better carry the uninsured jobless. But Virginia's Smith was more direct. The Democratic proposal, said he, "is pure, unadulterated, undisguised, unbridged and unabashed socialism. . . . Why do this if it is not just purely and simply vote-getting politics?"

Taking advantage of the amendment rule, Florida Democrat A. Sydney Herlong Jr. introduced a substitute that was the Eisenhower proposal with two small revisions: 1) states were not obliged to accept federal funds, and 2) start of the period of eligibility was pushed back from Ike's Jan. 1, 1958 to July 1, 1957. By a 233-165 vote, the House agreed to take up the Herlong substitute. Then, battle over and Democrats defeated, the Administration version was routinely passed (370-171) and sent to the Senate, which in all probability would approve.

Shell-Pocked

The long-range verbal combat between the President and the House Armed Services Committee over the Administration's defense reorganization plan rattled into a third, shell-pocked week. Into the legislative no man's land this time came the starred, earnest members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, each subordinate to the Commander in Chief, each a stout defender of his own military service, each urged to unburden himself to Georgia's cagey Democrat Carl Vinson and his 37-man battle group.

General Nathan Farragut Twining, chairman of the Joint Chiefs, sounded the battle cry right off, put himself down 100% for the new plan. "I think," said he, "that this legislation will improve the situation. I figure we will get a more effective defense."

Right Flank, Left Flank. Protecting Twining's flank came General Maxwell Taylor, Army Chief of Staff, who was

ready to help fight the President's war despite the fact that the Army is suffering from budget and manpower cuts. "Our setup in the Pentagon," he said, "is defective in that we do not have this permanent command post [at the Joint Chiefs level] ready to conduct military operations at any hour of the day. The Secretary of Defense is a man who has been given great responsibility. I must say you can't discharge a responsibility without great authority. Consequentially, by nature, I am on the side of giving authority to the man that has responsibility."

On Twining's other flank was the Air Force's General Tommy White: "I completely agree with the President's concept that separate ground, sea and air warfare are gone forever and that peacetime preparation and organization must conform to this fact. It is essential that our combat forces be organized into truly unified commands and that our strategic and tactical



Associated Press

MARINE'S PATE
Intimations of obliteration.

proposals would veer U.S. military organization 180°, from a Joint Chiefs setup geared to planning to an area concerned wholly with command. "The chairman [of the Joint Chiefs would] be the only adequately informed top official; the civilian heads of the military services . . . greatly weakened."

Admiral Arleigh Burke, Chief of Naval Operations, was polite—but his meaning was clear. Navyman Burke's key words: "misgivings," "apprehensions." The law, said he, could be interpreted at some future date "to mean things that the Secretary and the President did not mean." Could it permit the Secretary to eliminate a specific function of one of the services? "People do that, sir," said Burke pointedly. "People eliminate things." Arleigh Burke's statement was an unmistakable call to the committee for help: "This committee is a proper group to resolve these differences into a sound plan founded in carefully drawn legislation." It is reassuring to know, he added with emphasis, "that this committee is devoting its full attention to this important matter."

Flank Speed. Marine Commandant Randolph McCall Pate damned the presidential torpedoes, sailed flank speed ahead. Fearful that the traditional role of the Marines as a Johnny-on-the-spot expeditionary force might be curtailed—or just plain obliterated—four-star General Pate declared: "I don't see anything wrong with the way we're functioning now."

Q. Could you be "prioritized" out of business?

A. That's my feeling.

Q. Might the plan ruin the corps' fighting efficiency?

A. That's right.

Q. Could the Defense Secretary skeletonize the corps?

A. Yes.

In sum, Pate's big worry was that "pres-



International

NAVY'S BURKE
Apprehensions of elimination.

planning be completely unified." But what of the "dangers" in the legislation? asked committee members.

Q. Could the Air Force be eliminated at the whim of a strengthened defense secretary?

A. No, sir.

Q. Could he wipe out any branch of the services?

A. No, sir.

Q. Could the legislation lead to a Prussian-style general staff?

A. Not at all, sir.

About Face. Then came the committee's ammunition. First, by letter (at Carl Vinson's invitation) arrived the anti-reorganization opinions of Washington Lawyer H. Struve Hensel, 56, onetime (1944) Navy Department general counsel, onetime (1945-46) Assistant Secretary of the Navy for material procurement, longtime Navy-oriented opponent of military unification. Hensel's point: the new



Associated Press

AIR FORCE'S WHITE
Expectations of organization.

ent good intentions" to preserve the Marines "are no insurance against future damage to our usefulness: only in the law can we find such insurance."

And so the combatants laid down their barrage. But as they did so, the Commander in Chief let loose his cannonball of the week. Said Dwight Eisenhower at his press conference: "I repeat again what the meaning of this whole thing is, a nation's strategy is devised as an entity, as a unified thing. It cannot be . . . the function of any separate forces of any kind . . . It must be directed under unified control. The amount of supervisory control that is given to the Secretary of Defense . . . is that amount which will make it possible for him to carry out a unified strategy effectively . . . and any retreat from that is, to my mind, retreat to a certain degree of defenselessness that is inexcusable."

The Cure That Kills?

"One of the most irresponsible pieces of serious legislation reported by a committee to the Senate since I have been a member," said Missouri's Democratic Senator Thomas C. Hennings Jr. Not so, retorted South Carolina's Democratic Senator Olin Johnston: It is a landmark defense against a Supreme Court which has made a "shambles of established, ingrained law."

Both Hennings and Johnston were talking about a bill originally authored by Indiana's Republican Senator William Jenner, rewritten almost completely by Maryland's Republican Senator John Marshall Butler, and approved last week—without hearings—by a 10-to-5 vote of the Senate Judiciary Committee. Aimed at providing legislative remedy for recent Supreme Court decisions in the field of national security, the Jenner-Butler bill is certain to be hotly disputed. Its main points:

¶ *State rules for admission to the bar should not be subject to review by the Supreme Court.* This stems directly from the Supreme Court decisions last year in the cases of New Mexico Lawyer Rudolph Schwere, who had been denied a license to practice law because of previous Communist membership, and of California Lawyer Raphael Konigsberg, who was refused admission to the bar because he refused to answer questions about past Communist associations. The court ordered a license issued to Schwere and that Konigsberg be admitted to the bar.

¶ *Congressional committees, by majority vote, should become the final judges of whether their questions to witnesses are pertinent to a valid legislative purpose.* This is in reply to last year's Supreme Court decision reversing the contempt-of-Congress conviction of United Auto Workers Organizer John Watkins, who had refused to identify past Communist associates to the House Un-American Activities Committee. The court held that Watkins had been denied due process because he had no way of knowing whether the committee's questions were actually pertinent to a valid legislative purpose.

¶ *Unless specifically stated, no act of Congress would preempt state laws in the same field.* This is in answer to the 1956 Supreme Court decision in the case of Pennsylvania Communist Leader Steve Nelson, who had been convicted under a state antiseditious law. The court held that Congress, by passing federal anti-subversion laws, had superseded all state laws dealing with subversive activities against the U.S.

¶ *The anti-subversion Smith Act should be expanded to make a criminal offense of the mere teaching of advocacy of violent overthrow of the U.S.* This provision, which would doubtless face stern constitutional testing as to whether it violated the First Amendment guarantee of freedom of speech, is an attempt to answer the Supreme Court for reversing



REPUBLICAN BUTLER

A massive assault on the court.

the Smith Act convictions of 14 California Communists. The court last year held that the Smith Act did not cover the "abstract doctrine" of violent overthrow, but only the "teaching and advocacy of action in language reasonably and ordinarily calculated to incite persons to such action."

The Jenner-Butler bill is supported mostly by conservative Republicans, and by Southern Democrats already in a vengeful mood against the Supreme Court for its desegregation decisions. It has some impressive critics, e.g., the U.S. Department of Justice under Attorney General William Rogers and the American Bar Association's House of Delegates. The critics do not deny that, when the Supreme Court knocks holes in statutes, Congress has the right to pass the legislation plugging the holes—especially since the court still has the right to rule on the constitutionality of any law. But they view the bill as a massive assault against the court unequaled since Franklin Roosevelt's court-packing attempt in 1937.

THE ATOM

Two Kinds of Tests? (Contd.)

On the eve of the crucial U.S. nuclear-weapons tests at Eniwetok Proving Grounds—tests of such basic defenses as the first nuclear-tipped ground-to-air anti-aircraft missile, the first deep-water anti-submarine nuclear depth charge and the low-radioactivity "clean" bomb—the uproar over the tests and their fallout got both more shrill in its public aspects and more sensible in its scientific debate.

In Honolulu, the pacifists who had threatened to sail their ketch *Golden Rule* into the Eniwetok blast area were jailed for defying a court ordering them back. From French Equatorial Africa, Dr. Albert Schweitzer renewed his stop-the-tests plea, with trimmings of benign neutralist disengagement.

In Washington, New Mexico's Democratic Senator Clinton Anderson, prestigious vice chairman of Congress' Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, accused the Administration on *Meet the Press* of talking about clean bombs while stockpiling dirty bombs—even "inserted something that makes them dirtier." The Defense Department denied it. Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Lewis Strauss resented it. President Eisenhower said at his news conference: "We have looked constantly to cleaner bombs so that you could have a more local and advantageous use of the nuclear weapon rather than just a shotgun method."

Carbon 14. As that uproar quieted, Nobel Prize-winning chemist Linus Pauling, 57, head of the chemical labs at the California Institute of Technology, made headlines with his newest point: the most dangerous element of nuclear-test fallout over a period of five to 10,000 years is not strontium 90 but carbon 14, a low-radioactivity but long-lived (half-life: 5,568 years) isotope that from tests already held will, said Pauling, cause 5,000,000 defective children in the next 300 generations. Atomic Energy Commissioner Willard Libby, one of the world's top authorities on carbon 14, replied that bomb tests had not produced enough carbon 14 to cause more than "very minute" danger. He added: "Why should we continue nuclear-weapons tests? The answer in its simplest form is, in my opinion, that they are necessary for defense."

Three senior scientists at Columbia's Lamont Geological Observatory wrote that most of carbon 14 is soaked up by the ocean, that Pauling's estimate of the increase of carbon 14 in the atmosphere was 50 times too high. Pauling's figure: 10%; the Columbia figure: .2%. And the remaining radiation "would be considerably less than that received from the luminous-dial wristwatch worn for about two hours a year." Added they: "Exaggerated statements by respected scientists only add to the public's confusion."

Political Reasons. Indiana University's famed Nobel Prize-winning Geneticist Dr. Hermann Muller, who had signed Pauling's stop-the-tests petition of 9,235 scientists (2,749 from Communist Ruma-

nia), staked out his view that while the scientific perils of fallout have been exaggerated, tests ought to be stopped for political reasons—"desirable for the easing of tensions."

At week's end, H-bomb Pioneer Dr. Edward Teller, longtime staunch defender of all-out continued nuclear tests as an essential element of peace-through-deterrent-power, raised his colleagues' eyebrows by retreating to a new position. Teller's position, similar to that taken three weeks ago by New Jersey's Republican Senator Clifford Case, was that 1) dirty bomb tests ought henceforth to be "completely contained or conducted underground," 2) cleaner bomb tests "should be permitted to continue."

FARMERS

Boom Times

The best economic news in the U.S. last week, bar none, was the boom in U.S. agriculture. From all over the country reports trickled into Washington showing that the farmer, after being the lowest man on the economic totem pole since 1955, is making an astonishing comeback. Agriculture Department experts scarcely dared believe some of their own figures. As of mid-April, the prices that farmers get are up 0.8% over the same time last year. The prices they pay are up, too—some 3%. But the net improvement is pushing their annual income to \$13 billion v. \$11.5 billion last year.

Moreover, the picture in individual farm commodities is even brighter. Items:

¶ Thanks to a brisk competition between steak-hungry consumers and farmers trying to rebuild their drought-depleted cattle herds by holding back or buying up heifers, beef prices were running 30% above last year, spreading joy from Texas to the feed lots of Kansas City.

¶ Hogs were up 20% above last year and holding long after most farm economists expected a seasonal price break; many counties in the corn belt reported the most favorable corn-hog ratio in history—up to 25-1. (Usual make-money point for hog raisers is when 1 cwt. of live hog sells for 12 bu. of corn.)

¶ Even the egg—a big thing from California to Delaware—was selling for 25% above last year, so high that many poultrymen feared consumers might rebel.

¶ Partly because of the Florida freeze, but also because of continued high food demand from city folks, fresh vegetables were selling 40% higher than last year.

¶ And the once heavily subsidized potato was selling, unaided, more than 150% higher, carrying the new farm prosperity all the way up to Maine's Aroostook County.

Main Street Evidence. But as far as the general U.S. economy was concerned, the best evidence of farm recovery was on the main streets of farm towns. In Oskaloosa, Iowa, a typical Midwestern farm market town (pop. 11,000), where farmers long were sullen and resentful over drought and low farm prices, TIME Correspondent Jonathan Rinehart found

cash registers jingle-jangling more merrily than in years. Manager Ernest Dilley of the Thriftway Supermarket reported that farm wives, in a delicate shift in buying habits, suddenly had taken to buying cake mixes, scorning the economies of blending their own. Manager John Liley of the local J. C. Penney store gloated: "We had the best April we've ever had." Predicted Mrs. Gilbert Howarth of Howarth Sales & Service: "Last year we sold 15 air conditioners. This year we expect to sell 20. And that's not bad when you consider there are eight other stores in town where you can buy them."

Chevrolet Dealer Robert Knoepfler sold 15 new cars and trucks in April, cleared out 25 used ones. At first he figured that he had simply cut into his competitors' business. Then Clay Carriker, manager of

his sales are up 50%, due largely to farmers fixing up the old home place or repairing (the barn), but it has brought a flock of new civic improvements in progress, e.g., three new schools, a \$200,000 bowling alley and amusement center. Two years ago Oskaloosa, hungry for an industry payroll to offset the setbacks to farming, almost landed an American Chain & Cable Co. plant, but at the last minute lost out. Putting its finger on the reason, the Iowa Development Commission said: "Poor community attitude." Last week a commission pulse-feeler passed through, asked a workman in overalls what he now thought of Oskaloosa. "Best damned town in Iowa," the workman roared.

"Back on His Feet." Oskaloosa's good fortune was not unique. The Central Iowa Farm Business Association completed



OSKALOOSA FARMERS SHOPPING FOR HAY BALER
The recession ends at the city line.

Art Snay

Greene's Ford, said that his new-car sales for the past 60 days were 20% ahead of 1957, used cars 30%; high-priced new trucks were slow, but lower-priced used trucks were hot. Another major beneficiary of the farmer's new-found prosperity was the farm-machinery business. Owner Don Berkemeier of the Lytle Implement Co. reported that he sold 25 new tractors so far this year, drew groups of up to 25 farmers at a time to his showroom to view the latest in mechanical hay balers. "Business," said Berkemeier, "is within a few dollars of double last year." Used tractors taken back as trade-ins scarcely stay in the shop long enough to be oiled and repainted. Fresh from selling off 100 head of feeder cattle, Farmer Bill Hynick, 45, dropped by recently, plunked down \$1,950 for a two-year-old model. "I've been thinking of buying for a couple of years," said Hynick. "Until now, I couldn't do it."

Not only has returning farm prosperity benefited virtually every Oskaloosa business (Lumber Dealer Jim Mathew figures

its annual report on 153 representative farms, reported net income in 1957 averaged \$11,200, or 32% over 1956's \$8,467 and more than 2½ times 1955's low of \$4,235. For a national view, the *Farm Journal* polled its regional correspondents, found business noticeably better in every section except the Southeast, where row-crop farmers have been hit by weather and acreage cuts, but livestock and poultry farmers are prospering.

Having recently been through the mill, most farmers were being prudent with their new prosperity. In Fresno, Calif., heart of the San Joaquin Valley machine-farming area, Julius Neilsen, Bank of America farm-loan representative, said: "I never saw so many farmers come in ahead of time and pay off their loans."

The Iowa Life Insurance Co. reported its sales to farmers through April were up 78% over last year. And, said Red Oak Agent Stanley Fagerland: "When the farmer gets around to buying life insurance, you know he is getting back on his feet."

THE LAW

Right & Rights

During the first U.S. observance of Law Day last week, American Bar Association President Charles Rhyme appeared at Duke University, made a strong argument for a world rule of law. "War with Russia," said the A.B.A.'s Rhyme (TIME, May 3), "is as certain as tomorrow's sunrise unless a formula or mechanism can be developed to maintain peace other than through arms." That being the stark fact, Rhyme suggested that it was high time for the U.S. State Department under International Lawyer John Foster Dulles to set up a new section staffed with experts to concentrate on law as a positive weapon in achieving and maintaining peace.

Sample quotes from other Law Day speeches:

¶ **U.S. Attorney General William P. Rogers**, referring to current congressional attempts to limit jurisdiction of the U.S. Supreme Court (see The Congress): "There have been periods in our history when the 'kill the umpire' attitude made considerable headway, and many pop hoties have been thrown at our courts in the past. Fortunately, except in minor ways, the legislature has never taken these attacks seriously enough to alter the judicial system or retaliate against the judiciary."

¶ **New York's Democratic Governor Averell Harriman**, no lawyer, turning full face against a fellow Democrat, Arkansas' Governor Orval Faubus: "Ours is a nation founded upon the rule of law. It is shocking to see a governor of one of the states calling out the National Guard not to uphold the Constitution and orders of the Supreme Court but to defy them. Such action cannot be tolerated. It offends the concept of law on which our society is based."

¶ **Kansas' District Judge Beryl R. Johnson**, speaking in Topeka: "As we climb the summit to confer, we must be mindful that the leaders who have described their dictatorship as a 'domination of the proletariat over the bourgeoisie' have little regard for the sanctity of contract and do not believe that people have certain unalienable rights."

¶ **U.S. District Judge Irving R. Kaufman**, who presided over the atom-spy trial of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, speaking at Fordham University Law School: "The space age promises to require far greater concessions of national sovereignty to international control and regulation. Earth satellites are circling the globe now in about the same time that it takes to get from Brooklyn to The Bronx by subway.²⁰ Since Sputnik, the question 'How high is up?' has taken on vast new significance. While historically sovereign jurisdiction extends to the air above the land, it would be totally unfeasible for such jurisdiction to extend to outer space. International control will be imperative."

²⁰ Actual subway time from Brooklyn to The Bronx: one hour and 20 minutes. Actual running time of Russia's Sputnik I: one hour and 36.2 minutes.

THE SOUTH

The Outrage of Decent Men

About 45 minutes after Sunday midnight, a reporter at Jacksonville's *Florida Times-Union* snatched up a noisy phone, heard a man identify himself in pine-soft accent as a member of the "Confederate Underground." He had just blasted the Jewish Center and a Negro school, he bragged, and bombings would continue until segregation is restored everywhere in the South.

Only 15 minutes before the anonymous call, a ten-stick dynamite bomb warped doors at the Jacksonville Jewish community center; some 15 minutes after the call, a nearly identical bomb smashed windows at the all-Negro James Weldon Johnson High School. Next day brought word from Birmingham, Ala., 370 miles to the northwest, that a mighty 34-stick bomb had been found attached to a damped-out fuse in the window well of a downtown synagogue. These three brought to 45 the South's bomb count since January 1957. Most of the attacks have been against Negroes, but, for the first time since a short-lived 1951 outbreak in Miami, the South's spare Jewish population (less than 1%) was suffering directly from the redneck dogma that integration is a Jewish plot. Since last November, bombs have landed at six Jewish centers and synagogues.

Last week's bombs set off a counter-explosion. Moderates and White Citizens' Council members alike condemned the violence, blamed it on the K.K.K. or the "Klan-minded." And action followed the talk. Jacksonville's Mayor Haydon Burns called a quick meeting of Southern mayors eager to do something, by week's end was in all-day working session with mayors and police chiefs of 28 key cities. Two decisions out of their closed-door sessions:

¶ Jacksonville's police department be-

came the clearinghouse for information on bombings anywhere in the South.

¶ A total of \$85,700 in reward from all cities was put up for bombers intercepted anywhere.

CITIES

Hands Dripping Blood

Philadelphia's Mayor Richardson Dilworth was crying as he groped for a phrase that could crystallize an emotion. "It is a horrible thing," he sobbed finally, to so mourners at the lamplit coffin in a small West Philadelphia funeral home, "that this could happen in our city." The mayor's tears said it better. In the coffin lay the patched body of 26-year-old In Ho Oh, onetime interpreter for U.S. troops in Korea, onetime honor student at Seoul's National University and currently enrolled as a University of Pennsylvania political science exchange student. An eleven-member teen-aged Negro gang had pummeled In Ho Oh to death with a blackjack, a lead pipe and hard-toed shoes, while looking for the admission price of a 35¢ neighborhood dance.

The street-shadows assault was even more brutal because it was luck-of-the-draw. As police put the thing together, the gang decided to roll a passer-by for money. In Ho Oh, in shirt-sleeves, had slipped out of his uncle's apartment close by the Penn campus to mail a letter a block away, was attacked as he was doubling back. Two boys shackled the Korean's arms, others knocked off his glasses, hammered him to the ground, dragged his body behind a parked automobile and frisked pockets and socks for money that wasn't there. When police reached Oh, his face had been chopped to unrecognizable pulp. He died ten minutes later.

Within 42 hours, police, swarming into the integrated area around the Penn campus, collared all eleven of the junior-grade



MAYOR DILWORTH (RIGHT) & MOURNERS
A man went out to mail a letter.

Associated Press

thugs, aged 15 to 19. In municipal court a pursed-lipped judge quickly ruled they must be tried for murder as adults. Philadelphia, its brotherly love strained like many another U.S. city's by the mounting onslaught of teen-age warfare (TIME, April 7), was patently disgusted with sociological explanations, was angry enough for a hard approach to juvenile delinquency. Urged the Philadelphia Bulletin: "A soft policy toward the owners of hands dripping with blood is a frightful mistake."

HEROES

How Obie Won His Medal

At 32,000 ft. in the dark Texas skies, Air Force Lieut. James Edward Obenauf made a split-second, life-and-death decision. Around him, his six-jet B-47* seemed to be falling apart; the right outboard engine was boiling with flame, scattering red-hot pieces of steel across the wing and fuselage. The navigator had bailed out of the nose compartment; so had the pilot. Copilot Obenauf, squeezing along the catwalk toward the nose, was ready to jump too. He looked down and froze: there, lying unconscious, his oxygen equipment disconnected, his chute pack gone, was the navigator-instructor, Major Joseph B. Maxwell.

As the wind roared through the open trap door, "Obie" Obenauf hurriedly searched for Maxwell's parachute. His body was weakened from lack of oxygen. He could not find the chute. He looked down at Maxwell again, felt an awful, strong urge to leave him. "Gee, I got my own battle to fight." Then Obie, just turned 23, five years out of high school, father of a ten-month old boy, father-to-be of a second child, turned around and crawled back into his rear cockpit and took control of the airplane on the chance that he might be able to fly it to safety.

The Needle. He hooked his mask into the life-saving oxygen system, dove the bomber toward a lower altitude so Maxwell would not die of anoxia. The Plexiglas canopy had been jettisoned in the first attempt at bail-out, so, as the plane knifed ahead at 400 knots, Obie's face was seared by the sharp, -30° wind, by whipped dust, bits of wire and insulation. His eyelids rolled back in the fierce air torrent. He dropped his amber-tinted visor over his tearing eyes—but he could not read his instruments again without lifting it. His gloved hands froze to near helplessness. Under his seat was the armed, unexploded powder charge that had failed to fire his seat out of the cockpit in the early bail-out try. "You're so numb, I don't think there's any fear at all. You're just numb."

* Plagued with 14 B-47 crashes and resultant 32 deaths in the last four months, the Air Force announced last week that it would soon begin to make structural modifications on its 1,400 B-47s. Apparent zero spot on the massive (116-ft. wing span, 108-ft. length, 200,000-lb. gross weight) plane is the metal-twisting strain that it endures in the low-level atom-bombing tactic: the aircraft dives, releases its bomb on an up-turn, executes a partial loop while the bomb describes an arc on its trip to the target.



LIEUT. OBENAUF (LEFT) & MAJOR MAXWELL (RIGHT) With the seat of his pants and a Fat Chance.

Associated Press

Into the blood-stinging wind he flew. He called his "mayday!" SOS and got an instant response, first from an Air Force base at Altus, Okla., 200 miles away then from another airborne B-47. Altus gave Obie a compass heading to come in on. His panel lights grew dimmer, his eyes burned like hot lead. He could see the compass needle but not the numbers. He turned his plane to bring the needle toward the heading he wanted: his own field, the Strategic Air Command's Dyess Air Force Base near Abilene, 150 miles away.

The Pearl. The night now hung with bad weather: ceiling, 1,500 ft.; visibility, five miles; rain. Maxwell woke up, groggily plugged in his headset. He cut his speed to 200 knots to reduce the buffeting of the plane and the charge of the biting wind. "I think I said about 50 prayers. I thought about everything—the things I used to do when I was a kid, like playing ball, and my family. They were the ones I was really fighting for."

On the ground, a mighty communications system sparked into action. CA stations, military bases and airline offices monitored Obie's radio. In the dimly lit control room at Fat Chance, a Texas-based air defense radar station, trackers picked up Obie's blip on their screen. Like a tiny translucent pearl on green glass, the blip moved toward its target, rolling to one side, then to another, now erratic, now steady, minute by minute, guided all the while by Fat Chance.

The Letdown. In the Dyess control tower, Obie's boss, Lieut. Colonel Anthony Perna, got on the mike.

Perna: "You can make it. No sweat. The firefighters are standing by just in case."

Obie: "Colonel, I'm probably the only copilot who has soloed a B-47."

Then came the letdown to the field. It

was a few minutes past midnight—two hours since the trouble had begun—when Obie turned into his final approach. He was too high, too far to the left of the runway. "I didn't have time to think. The GCA station was telling me to go around. The tower told me to go around—everybody in the world told me to go around. I didn't say one word. I just kept coming in. I felt I had used every bit of energy I ever had. I didn't have enough visibility. I couldn't make out anything. I don't think that if I had to go around we would have made it. Things were getting worse instead of better. I could smell smoke in the cockpit."

Suddenly Obie saw two rows of lights. He banked sharply to the right, lined his plane up with the runway and with power on, poured straight for it. Firefighting crews, an ambulance, staff cars and red-blinking emergency trucks shrieked down the runway in pursuit. Obie neatly kissed his plane down. "I flew it into the ground. I wasn't strapped to the seat. I was just sitting. I never made a better landing in my life. I couldn't make a better one in a hundred thousand years." When the plane stopped, he jumped out. Shocked by momentary blindness, he ran and ran until they stopped him.

Less than 36 hours later, about 800 Air Force men and their families crowded into the Dyess base theater. Lieut. James Edward Obenauf, 23, one eye bandaged and the other kept closed against the bright lights, stepped out on the platform with his wife. He had performed far above and beyond the call of duty. And General Tom Power, boss of the Strategic Air Command, pinned a medal on Obie's chest. It was the Distinguished Flying Cross.

* With Lieut. Charles McDonald, who guided Obenauf by radar from Fat Chance.

FOREIGN NEWS

UNITED NATIONS

The Wayward Bus

For 72 hours last week the world hovered on a brink—not the brink of war but a rare opportunity to take the plunge toward peace.

The U.S. was not satisfied with its negative propaganda victory of the week before—compelling Russia to withdraw its U.N. charge that U.S. bomber flights were a "threat to peace." Now, accenting the positive, Henry Cabot Lodge went before the U.N. Security Council with a proposal to open the top of the world above the Arctic Circle to international inspection to guard against surprise aerial or missile attack. There were no strings attached. Here was an imaginative proposal, to make a start somewhere, and in an area not complicated by populations and boundaries, to break the cold war ice jam.

To assure Russia that it was more than a propaganda trick or a play for headlines, the U.S. engaged in the highest form of diplomacy: it told Soviet diplomats about the plan in advance and in secret. In Washington John Foster Dulles called in Soviet Ambassador Mikhail A. Menshikov (whose reaction, said Dulles later, was "not exactly heart-warming"), and in New York Henry Cabot Lodge went up to the Park Avenue residence of Soviet Delegate Arkady A. Sobolev to outline the U.S. offer privately.

Then in the U.N., Lodge stated the case: "Our flights are a necessary defensive measure against massive surprise attack, and it follows, therefore, that if the danger of such attack were removed, the need for this defense could be correspondingly lessened. . . . Let us attack the cause of the Soviet concerns—not their symptoms." The U.S. proposal: the prompt establishment of a northern zone of inspection against surprise attack (*see map*).

Lodge suggested an international inspection force for the Arctic that would provide notification of flights and other significant military movements, radar monitoring of all flights, and establishment of ground-inspection posts.

Out of the Nightmare. The proposal won immediate endorsement from other members of the Security Council—such disparate nations as France, Canada, Sweden, Japan, Iraq—and a cool, but not final response from Russia's Sobolev. Then came the week's most dramatic turn. Sitting to the right of Lodge, who was president of the council, U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld murmured that he would like to speak.

None was more startled than Lodge at the Secretary-General's decision: Hammarskjöld had intervened in council debate only twice before—once during the Suez crisis, again when the Russians smashed the Hungarian rebellion. Hammarskjöld could recall the fate of Trygve Lie, whose intervention on behalf of the U.N. in Korea had won Lie the hostility of the Russians and cost him the Secretary-General's post. But, at 52, Hammarskjöld had just been re-elected to a five-year term, and for weeks he had been brooding about the disheartening deadlock over disarmament.

Said he to the surprised council: "The Secretary-General has not only the right but the duty to intervene when he feels that he should do so in support of the purposes of this organization and the principles laid down in the Charter." He recalled that in response to a press-conference question last month he had welcomed the Soviet decision to suspend nuclear-weapons tests. "In the same spirit," he now welcomed the U.S. initiative. "The stalemate in the field of disarmament has been permitted to last far too long," he said. "The peoples are eagerly

and anxiously expecting leadership bringing them out of the present nightmare."

As Hammarskjöld explained later, "When an initiative is taken in good faith and its possible values are not fully explored, I have the feeling that we have missed the bus. We should not be too sure the road will remain open for buses in the future." For the 72 hours from Tuesday until Friday, the road was open, and the bus was waiting for the Russians to get aboard. When they did not, the whole world—and not just the Russians—missed the bus. Even satellites Poland and Czechoslovakia reportedly pleaded with the Russians not to kill the U.S. offer.

A Turning Point. But from Moscow came the implacable voice of Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, describing the U.S. proposal as "sheer publicity," "impudent," "deceitful." He charged that the U.S. was simply seeking "intelligence data on Soviet territory," threatened that if a U.S. plane crossed the Soviet border, the Soviet reply might be missiles—and you can't call missiles back.

At his press-conference next day, Dwight Eisenhower lamented Gromyko's outburst as sad and "almost silly," and stated categorically: "This proposal was made as seriously and as honestly as it could be made by the United States." Secretary Dulles described it as a first step that "might mark a real turning point in this whole cold war situation." He added that the U.S. would consider reducing its flights over the Arctic if inspection showed that no surprise attack was coming across the area. Flexible about details, the U.S. agreed to back a Swedish amendment to the U.S. resolution putting the inspection plan on the agenda of a summit conference.

Quite the Contrary. But when bespectacled Arkady Sobolev began to speak in his schoolmasterly manner on Friday morning, the outcome became obvious.



RUSSIA'S SOBOLEV VETOS ARCTIC INSPECTION (CENTER, BRITAIN'S DIXON; RIGHT, U.S.'S LODGE)

There were no strings attached, but the answer was still no.

Sobolev returned bitterly to the charge that the U.S. was "playing with fire," warned that "the time has passed when the U.S. is a safe sanctuary from the flames of war." Sobolev had a new word with which to denounce the U.S. proposal—*priym*—which translates roughly as trick or "gimmick," the word Eisenhower had used to describe Russia's proposal to ban nuclear tests. Then Sobolev added a menacing hint to Hammarskjöld that his intervention "did not contribute to strengthening the prestige of the Secretary-General—quite the contrary."

Back to the Brink. At voting time ten hands around the semicircular council table went up in favor of the U.S. resolution; Sobolev sat impassively, his hands folded in his lap. A moment later, by raising his hand in opposition, he delivered Russia's 34th U.N. veto. Then, when Sobolev dusted off his old resolution denouncing U.S. Arctic flights and calling for an immediate unprepared summit conference, the council glumly rejected it 9 to 1, with Sweden abstaining.

"It looks to me now, speaking personally," said Cabot Lodge, "as though the Soviet Union had deliberately knocked the summit idea on the head."

The Peaceful Pole

At the South Pole, nations wrangle over claims but do not bristle with arms. Last week President Eisenhower invited Russia and ten other interested nations to join the U.S. in a treaty guaranteeing that "the vast, uninhabited wastes of Antarctica be used only for peaceful purposes." The U.S., which has made no territorial claim in Antarctica and does not recognize the frequently overlapping claims of seven other countries (Britain, Australia, Chile, Argentina, France, New Zealand, Norway), proposed that the area be left open to all nations for scientific research "for the benefit of all mankind," and pointed to the discoveries already made during the International Geophysical Year.

INTERNATIONAL LAW

"Innocent Passage"

The one tangible advantage Israel got out of the Sinai invasion was to open up its now bustling southernmost port of Elath to the sea, so that its ships could trade with East Africa and Asia while bypassing Nasser's Suez Canal. Invading Israeli armies, routing the Egyptians from the Sinai peninsula, spiked the Egyptian guns placed to menace any vessel seeking entrance from the Red Sea through the narrow, four-mile-wide Strait of Tiran into the Gulf of Aqaba and thence to Elath. Now the U.N. Emergency Force guards the strait and permits Israel "innocent passage" into the gulf, while Arab nations protest but do not intervene.

Last week at Geneva, the U.N. Conference on the Law of the Sea, which had failed to resolve the international squabble about the three-mile limit of territorial waters (TIME, May 5), in its final session adopted, 62 to 1, an article permitting "innocent passage" between straits con-



Half a century ago atlases simply marked the vast Arctic as "unexplored." But in the Cold War era, the shortest distance between two points has become a great circle, the polar route across the top of the world, for planes as well as missiles.

Area for Inspection: All of the land north of the Arctic Circle belonging to Canada, Danish-owned Greenland, Norway and Russia (a band averaging 300 miles in width and reaching within 750 miles of Moscow), plus all of Alaska and the Aleutians, the Kuril islands, the Kamchatka Peninsula and Soviet islands jutting into the Barents and Siberian Seas. Near St. Lawrence Island (where the U.S. has a big radar installation) and between the Big and Little Diomed Islands, the U.S. and Russia share a common frontier.

Resources: Although the Russians scoff that "there is nothing in the Arctic to inspect except the polar bears," the land is rich in fish, furs and bases. Aside from the military, half a million Eskimos, Aleuts, Lapps and other hardy peoples live there. (Russia's notorious Vorkuta prison camp is inside the Arctic Circle.) Platinum and oil are found in Alaska, uranium and copper in the Canadian north, timber, gold and lead in Siberia, iron ore in Norway.

Climate: In winter the entire zone is covered with snow and ice, and the thermometer dips to 80° below. In summer, temperatures in most areas

average about 50° but zoom as high as 95° with high humidity, mosquitoes and enduring sun. The tundra and marshes change from white to green, but the ground remains permanently frozen. Near the North Pole, for seven months of the year men can read by the midnight sun 24 hours a day.

Strategic Value: Russia has dotted its part of the Arctic zone with air bases and an unknown number of missile-launching sites. The string of air bases stretches from the Norwegian border to Cape Dezhnev opposite Alaska, extends southward to Khabarovsk, only 400 miles from Japan. The U.S. has air, naval, army and radar bases in Alaska and the Aleutians, air bases in Greenland. The North American Air Defense Command's 3,000-mile Distant Early Warning (DEW) Line is in the proposed inspection zone, Canada, the Western nation with the most territory above the Arctic Circle, enthusiastically supports the U.S. proposal. The Soviet navy is extremely active in the Arctic, plies an ice-broken sea route from Murmansk to eastern Siberia. And nuclear age submarines can roam beneath the great icecap.



KHRUSHCHEV & NASSER
A balcony-lover drunk in flattery.

necting two parts of the "high seas" as well as those that lead from the high seas into "territorial waters of a foreign state." The Arabs, insisting they are technically at war with Israel and therefore innocent passage does not apply, abstained. The practical situation was not altered, but a step had been taken in the codification of international law that gave Israel's rights the backing of world legal opinion.

The Friendly Persuader

He himself described the job as one "nobody in his right mind" would want. But in 1954 Lawyer Henry Richardson Labouisse of Wilton, Conn. became director of the United Nations Relief and Works Agency (UNRWA) in Beirut, and took on the thankless task of caring for more than 900,000 Arab refugees from Palestine. Labouisse gradually broke down Arab resistance to UNRWA, traveled all over Europe describing the plight of his refugees and gently dunning U.N. members for funds.

Last week, with UNRWA virtually assured of getting the \$40 million it needs this year, Labouisse handed in his resignation and received the thanks of U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld.

RUSSIA

"Our Dear Guest"

Gamal Abdel Nasser made a spectacular payment on his debt to the Kremlin last week. He flew to Russia to pay the long-postponed visit that had to be put off in 1956 because of the Suez crisis. Moscow greeted him with such a welcome as no other foreigner but Nehru and Tito had received before him.

The whole Soviet leadership in Moscow met him at Vnukovo airport. Under giant paired portraits of Nasser and President Voroshilov, strapping paratroopers mounted honor guard. "Hail, leader of the Arab world!" shouted a drilled stu-

dent group. Thousands excused from work lined the roads to the city, carrying Nasser pictures and waving little United Arab Republic flags in the bright spring sunshine. Jutting broad-shouldered and broad-grinning over the heads of Voroshilov and Khrushchev, the dictator of the Nile paraded, standing in an open ZIL convertible, to his luxurious guest quarters in the Kremlin.

Appetite for Acclaim. On May Day—an occasion notable this year throughout the world for its listlessness as well as its planned lack of proletarian provocation—Nasser became the first non-Communist head of state ever to take the Red army's salute as guest of honor beside Khrushchev and Marshal Malinovsky atop the Lenin-Stalin mausoleum in Red Square. "Nasser Reviews Red Army," crowed the Cairo press. Khrushchev entertained him at his *dacha*, at the Bolshoi ballet, at a Lenin Stadium soccer match, at a whole round of banquets. Taking time off only to pray at Moscow's mosque, Nasser drank in the flattery with all the appetite for acclaim of the Middle East's biggest balcony-lover.

Toasting "our dear guest" as a "national hero," Khrushchev proclaimed: "Ours is a peace-loving, selfless policy. We give to help the people of the Middle East. We want only one thing: consolidation of the position achieved by the Arab peoples." Replying, Nasser reviewed his old line against "imperialism" and "treacherous aggression," thanking his hosts for "your support and your ultimatum, factors which upheld freedom and morale" in the Suez showdown.

Normalize to Neutralize. Careful not to let his tongue outrun his ambition, Nasser added prudently: "The Arab people intend to get rid of every foreign domination. They believe in non-alignment." He had need of a little help, as well as loud hurrahs, from the Russians. His arms debts (including those he inher-

ited by absorbing Syria) were strapping him; not only is his cotton crop mortgaged to Russia for years, but Russia is dumping Egyptian cotton elsewhere at lower prices, thus debasing its value.

Just before Nasser left for Russia, the West had given him a chance to escape any further Russian clutches. After Nasser settled the expropriated Suez Canal Co.'s claims for \$81 million (TIME, May 5), Washington freed \$26 million in frozen Egyptian assets, and U.S. Ambassador Raymond Hare told Nasser that the U.S. was preparing generally for a return to "normal" relations with Cairo, was ready to resume CARE surplus food shipments, student exchanges and rural improvement aid, and to end restrictions on delivering such industrial items as ball bearings, lubricating oils and spare parts.

The future U.S. attitude, Hare made clear, would depend on Nasser, including his attitude toward America's friends elsewhere in the Middle East: the Hashemites in Iraq and Jordan, the oil-rich sheikdoms in the Persian Gulf. Other U.S. ambassadors in the Middle East were instructed to reassure Iraq, Jordan, Lebanon and Saudi Arabia that the U.S. would still support them politically and economically, and was not running out on them. The first result of the friendly U.S. gesture to Nasser was, to judge by the Cairo press, to increase Egypt's monumental self-esteem. Swallowing hard, the U.S. tried to act as if it did not mind—so long as Nasser did not go too far in his merry 18-day trip through Russia.

On the Frontiers

In their campaign to keep U.S. missiles out of Western Europe, the Communists have loudly insisted that Soviet intermediate-range missiles are all kept at home in the Soviet Union and not up on Western Europe's frontiers. When Norwegian Foreign Minister Halvard Lange told his Parliament a fortnight ago that there are Soviet rocket-launching bases



in East Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia, a Soviet spokesman screamed, "That's a lie!" and in the three satellite capitals, local Communists echoed the denials piously. But last week the West German government intelligence service backed up Lange's charge, and other Western and neutral officials helped fill in some of the details:

¶ From the East German island of Rügen in the Baltic Sea to the Rhodope Mountains near the Bulgarian-Greek border 1,000 miles away, Russia has built a snakelike chain of at least 14 missile-launching bases in six satellite countries.

¶ The big base southwest of Liberec, near the Czech-Polish border, is believed to be the operations center for all the bases. There are four others in Czechoslovakia, one in Poland near the Baltic Sea resort of Kolobrzeg, one in Hungary near Lake Balaton, two in Rumania, three in Bulgaria, two in East Germany (one, near Erfurt, is 150 miles from Bonn, 400 miles from Paris, 450 miles from London).

¶ All of the bases are equipped not only with short-range missiles but with the Soviet T-2 IRBM, a two-stage liquid-fueled missile of 75 to 85 tons that can hurl a nuclear warhead from 1,200 to 1,800 miles, depending, says one Pentagon wit, "on how easy you scare."

¶ Red army patrols keep the local population away from the bases, pick up and lengthily question anyone who ventures too near. Originally, the bases were supplied with Russian weapons, but in recent months, intelligence reports say, three arms plants (two at Bohumin, one at Snina) have gone into rocket production in Czechoslovakia.

The Unmurdered

The living ghosts of his old comrades in Stalinism apparently still haunt Nikita Khrushchev—although Malenkov presumably runs a power station, Shepilov teaches school, Molotov tends diplomacy in the outer wastes of Mongolia, and Zhukov has reportedly retired from active military duty. Three weeks ago, in terms Communists recognized as portentous, *Pravda* published two front-page editorials warning that the party "cannot forget" the opposition of "Malenkov, Kaganovich, Molotov and Shepilov." At a Lenin birthday celebration, in Khrushchev's presence, Party Secretary Petr Pospelov attacked the fallen "anti-party group" by name for their "fierce resistance." Finally, Khrushchev himself joined vigorously and enthusiastically in the denunciations, and in a speech on agriculture at Kiev, singled out Georgy Malenkov as "one of the main culprits" responsible as Stalin's right hand and successor "for all shortcomings."

Noting the signs and wondering how long Khrushchev dared avoid "tying up" his internal situation, Columnist Joseph Alsop last week quoted a recent dictum of that old student of the Soviet system, former Ambassador George Kennan: "In the Soviet Union today there are just too damned many people who have been left unmurdered."

NORTH AFRICA

The Threat of Worse

Among their Moslem neighbors at least, the Algerian rebel leaders had at last reached full respectability. Less than two years ago when five Algerians appeared in Rabat looking for Moroccan aid, Morocco's King Mohammed V received them with all the discretion of a man playing host to a clutch of wanted criminals. Last week, gathering in Tangier with the top politicians of Morocco and Tunisia, leaders of Algeria's National Liberation Front were feted as heroes. As they entered the marble and mosaic palace of the governor of Tangier, Moroccan militiamen in dress uniform snapped to attention. During a May Day parade Algerian Rebel Spokesman Ferhat Abbas and his colleagues

Overwhelmed by these appeals, the Moroccans and Tunisians (officially delegates from parties, not governments) abandoned their planned caution. They agreed, as foreseen, to set up a consultative assembly to draft plans for an eventual federation of Tunisia, Morocco and Algeria. But they also:

¶ Denounced "important Western nations," i.e., the U.S., for aiding France in its "colonial war" in Algeria.

¶ Pledged increased Tunisian and Moroccan aid to the F.L.N.

¶ Recommended establishment of an Algerian rebel government in exile "after consultations with the Tunisian and Moroccan governments."

Into the Dark. These were measures that seriously jeopardized the U.S. effort to moderate Arab demands. "You are tak-



ALGERIAN REBEL FERHAT ABBAS (LEFT) & MOROCCAN HOST IN TANGIER
With the honors of full respectability.

Ed Bahr

stood alongside King Mohammed on the reviewing stand, beamed to hear the King declare: "Next year we hope you will return as representatives of a free and independent Algeria."

Putting Pressure. Taking full advantage of their new status, the Algerians talked tough: they would settle for nothing short of complete independence. "We prefer," cried Ferhat Abbas, a onetime pro-French moderate whose line has hardened, "to be 10 million corpses than 10 million subjects." They put pressure on the Moroccans by confessing that their losses had been heavy in the past three months, and that French efforts to seal the Tunisian border had been unexpectedly successful. (While the Tangier meeting was going on, French paratroops, supported by artillery and aircraft, killed 300 rebels in eastern Algeria in the biggest battle of the war so far.) Snapped one F.L.N. delegate: "Are our Moroccan brothers going to stand aside and become accessories to the French in their war of extermination against our people?"

a leap into the dark." a U.S. observer warned a Tunisian. Should Morocco, like Tunisia, now open her borders to the Algerian rebels, French forces in Algeria would find themselves faced with a second front, and France in retaliation might well cut off the financial and technical assistance that Morocco desperately requires. Even more disruptive was the threatened formation of an Algerian government in exile. The pressure of public opinion in their countries would almost certainly force both Mohammed V and Tunisia's President Habib Bourguiba to recognize such a government, and this, in turn, would probably drive France to break off relations with both countries.

The sanguine hoped that the Algerians did not mean to set up an exile government immediately, but planned instead to use the threat of one to stir France into a compromise. The trouble with this strategy is that France, still without a Premier since the fall of young Félix Gaillard, is currently incapable of responding to even the most shrewdly directed goad.

ITALY

The Godfly

With election day only three weeks off, the fog of political oratory shrouded the Italian peninsula. In one 24-hr. period last week Italy was subjected to no less than 20,000 campaign speeches. To some of the candidates it seemed that the bulk of these had been delivered by a single man: brilliant, persuasive Liberal Party Leader Giovanni Malagodi, 53.

Malagodi's party, which has a proud past, is today one of the smallest (13 seats) in Italy's Chamber of Deputies. cannot muster sufficient money or manpower to match the lavish campaign efforts of its bigger rivals. To compensate, hard-driving Giovanni Malagodi has taken up a device foreign to Italian politics—the whistle-stop tour. Since last October, traveling alone, he has spoken, rain or shine, in hundreds of cities, towns and villages from Sicily to Piedmont. In the process, his level, rasping voice has won more attention than that of any other Italian politician.

Down the Middle. All this has come as a rude shock to opposition politicians. The party which Malagodi heads is the heir to the one that made Italy a nation, and, until the advent of Mussolini, most of Italy's Premiers called themselves Liberals. But in 1952, when Malagodi joined the party, it was, says one of its members, "in the seventh day of pneumonia." Thanks to his family's longtime prominence in Liberal politics and his own sharp intelligence—he was general manager of Milan's giant Banca Commerciale Italiana at 29—stocky Giovanni Malagodi rose to secretary-general of the party within two years. Ignoring the siren calls from left and far right, Malagodi and his colleagues hammered out a Liberal platform that, almost alone in Italian politics, opposes both private and state monopoly, and favors free play for free enterprise.

Lions & Asses. Dry and dignified in manner, Whistle Stopper Malagodi nonetheless delivers incisive assaults. Of the Communists he says: "They hold one-third of the Italian electorate prisoner in the grip of a foreign ideology. We must free them for the politics of free men." Wealthy Monarchist Achille Lauro (*TIME*, Dec. 30), whose campaign caravan includes two lion cubs, is dismissed by Malagodi with the private comment: "He may travel with lions, but he has asses for candidates." Some of Malagodi's sharpest blows have been struck at the Christian Democrats, whose stand on church v. state has become a hot political issue since the trial of the Bishop of Prato (*TIME*, March 10). Malagodi points out that the Liberals are Catholics themselves, but "believe that religion is menaced only by those who would make it an instrument of political tyranny."

Fanfani's Worry. This gadfly role has drawn upon Malagodi the combined fire of all Italy's major parties. The Communists rarely let a day pass without belaboring him as "a tool of big business."

Amintore Fanfani, the busy little boss of the Christian Democrats, has publicly threatened to exclude the Liberals from future Cabinets. (Says Malagodi, chortling, "Fanfani's palms are sweating.")

Chances are that Fanfani is indeed sweating. Under Italy's new electoral law—a complex mélange of straight and proportional representation—the Communists and Christian Democrats will have to increase their ballot by between 500,000 and 1,000,000 votes in order not to lose parliamentary seats. By contrast, an increase of only 400,000 votes—half what they polled in the last election—



GIOVANNI MALAGODI

David Lees

Up from the seventh day of pneumonia.

could double the number of Liberal seats in the Chamber of Deputies.

Should that happen—and many Italian pundits believe it will—the Christian Democrats, for all Fanfani's threats, will almost certainly need Liberal support to form a government, and to obtain it will have to pay more heed to the gadfly voice of Giovanni Malagodi. "The reawakening of the Liberal Party," declared Rome's *Il Messaggero* last week, "constitutes the one new fact in this campaign. . . and it augurs well for Italian democracy."

INDIA

The Tired Man

"Panditji, you are leaving us orphans!" cried a Congress Party leader last week when Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru announced that he wanted to step down for a while as Prime Minister. Nehru had come to the conclusion that something was terribly wrong with his chosen instrument, the Congress Party, and that many of his aides, through self-seeking, corruption, scandals, jobbery and squabbling, had turned it into a flabby, directionless movement that is unable to win the support of the young or to counteract the wave of cynicism spreading throughout India.

Heading to the Woods. The party stalwarts were in a panic at the thought of losing 68-year-old Nehru, who has allowed no one to grow up in his shadow, and whose national prestige, if slipping a little, is still immense. By acclamation they rushed through a resolution declaring that the Congress Party "categorically refuses to contemplate any period devoid of Nehru's continued leadership." But Nehru was standing firm. He scolded the party members for their action: "You do not do me any credit. It will mean that I have acted casually and you have also acted casually." A deep feeling had been rising in him, Nehru said, "that something is out of tune in this country, a great many things are out of tune. The whole problem is how I can be more effective. I have come to the conclusion that it would be helpful to me and to the country if I could devote myself for a while to activity outside Parliament, outside the Prime Minister's job, and then come back. That is the problem before me, and it is not a question that can be solved by loud acclamation." He was hoping to leave in a fortnight with his daughter Indira for the cool, piny forests of Uttar Pradesh, there to sleep under the stars, ride ponies, climb mountains and go boating. He had served his country as leader for 10½ years, and felt "flat and stale."

Change of Heart. But at week's end, Nehru did another of his sudden turnabouts, and decided he would heed the pleas of his followers and, with no feeling of pleasure, remain at the unsteady helm of state. "In all humility," he announced, "I will not proceed to take the step I suggested." The faces of party members were wreathed with smiles, but Nehru was grim: "An atmosphere is growing in India that I found not only disturbing but suffocating." His own work had come to be the work of "some kind of robot or automaton. . . I was physically fit but getting querulous, I sense coarseness and vulgarity growing in our public life. In the Congress Party and the whole country idealism is fading out. We in India suffer from a split personality. One part is of the highest moral standard. The other part completely forgets about it. We are losing our sense of mission. What to do? I don't know. It is not easy to stop. You can't draw a sword and cut off the head of this enemy." Then, looking to the future, Nehru said: "We may win certain elections but we are losing our soul."

SOUTH KOREA

Honorable Opposition

Cantankerous old (83) Syngman Rhee does not like political opposition, but in the ten years since Korea's independence, and at the insistence of the U.S. and the U.N., has learned to accept it. Police harassment of antigovernment politicians has slackened steadily, and last week when the republic named 233 members to the unicameral National Assembly, its election was the most orderly yet.

On a spring day Koreans, who believe in dressing up to vote, went to the polls



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8,500,000 strong, the men in baggy white pantaloons and high black horsehair hats, the women in gay skirts and blouses. Minor rural attempts at voter intimidation were reported, but the freedom of the franchise was registered when the opposition Democrats took 14 out of 16 seats in Seoul, and it was clear that a two-party system was beginning to take hold.

Result: Rhee's Liberals won 122 seats, Vice President John M. Chang's Democrats 77, Independents 27. The result was a victory for Rhee's heir-apparent, Lee Ki Poong, 61, Speaker of the Assembly, who last year gave his 20-year-old son to Rhee for adoption. But Rhee's Liberals failed to win the two-thirds majority they sought, which would have enabled Rhee to amend the constitution so as to prevent U.S.-educated Vice President Chang, 68, from succeeding if Rhee dies during the remaining two years of his term.

NEPAL

No Man's Land

Though sandwiched in between the world's two most populous giants, the mountain kingdom of Nepal is a sort of no man's land, as yet uncommitted to any particular time or to any particular future. Last week, having covered a Nepalese tour by U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, who is accredited to both India and Nepal, TIME Correspondent Donald S. Convery filed a report on a nation that seems to be having such a trying time breaking into the 20th century:

Youthful (37) King Mahendra, ardent chess player, hunter and poet,^{*} is an absolute ruler who earnestly does not want to be one. All week he pored over new drafts for a possible constitution. He also called in the leaders of four major political parties, got them to agree to help him set up a coalition government to rule until the scheduled general election that he hopes to hold in 1959. But it is a sign of Nepal's condition that in spite of himself, Mahendra, King of Kings, Five Times Godly, Valorous Warrior and Divine Emperor, continues to govern by palace rule as Prime Minister, Cabinet and Parliament rolled into one.

Pack of Lies. The politicians who answered the royal summons last week head parties so torn by splinter factions that none is strong enough to lead. Except for the King, the best known man in Nepal is wily, machiavellian K. I. Singh, who for 110 tempestuous days last year ruled as Prime Minister, and is strongly suspected of being under the thumb of Red China, where he once took refuge for three years. Last week, after abruptly refusing to attend the King's parley, Singh let loose with an anti-U.S., anti-British diatribe. Three months in office, stormed Singh, had convinced him that "Nepal is under imminent danger to her sovereignty and independence at the hands of British and American people in Nepal."

The fact is that Nepal, home of the

famed Gurkha soldiers, has so far proved singularly impervious to outsiders. When India built Nepal a 78-mile road, some Nepalese concluded that Nehru was planning to take over the country—an attitude that India found as disconcerting as the U.S. often finds India's. Of the \$12 million that Red China is pouring in, most has vanished down the well of government deficit, and Nepal has flatly refused to allow Chinese technicians inside its borders. As for recent U.S. aid—development projects in more than 1,200 villages, the ridding of the Rapti Valley of malaria-carrying mosquitoes, the building of more



R. Satozapan
KING MAHENDRA & QUEEN RATNA DEVI
Five Times Godly—and absolute.

than 600 classrooms, a \$5,000,000 system of roads—it has met with an equally disheartening reception.

"The Thing." Most politicians assume a haughty obliviousness to foreign aid, in spite of its obvious results and the dedication of those who administer it. President Dilli Regmi of the Nepali National Congress simply refuses to believe that the U.S. has built any roads at all. Singh declares that the U.S. anti-malaria campaign has brought more mosquitoes into Nepal than ever. When asked about the giant Rapti Valley reclamation project, he merely shrugs, for he comes from a different part of the country: "That is an isolated place unfit for human beings."

Beyond the shaky world of politics, Nepal lives as if nothing would ever change very much. Of its 10 million people, 97% are illiterate, and most are peasants who are mortgaged to their feudal landlords for generations to come. With tender care they terrace the steep slopes of the hillsides, cheerfully trudge treacherous mountain paths with their incredible loads as they have for centuries. Today the sights and sounds of Nepal are still for the most part the timeless ones—stubby men in tiny houses, women carrying their children papoose-style, the faith-

ful spinning the prayer wheels at the base of mound-shaped stupas, and old men talking endlessly about the possible existence of "the Thing"—the Abominable Snowman. If foreigners want to look for the Thing, they must pay a special 5,000-rupee fee (about \$750) to the government, and promise not to shoot it dead, except in self-defense.

BURMA

Cherchez la Femme

Winning a revolution is very much like waking up with a bad hangover. All of the glorious intoxication is gone, and the feeling of superhuman power is replaced by the dull ache of responsibility. Many Asian lands—Burma, Indonesia, India, Pakistan, Korea, Ceylon—are by now some ten years into the grey morning-after of independence, and political leaders who had once been dashing conspirators and heroic guerrilla captains have become aging politicians, surrounded by corruption, inefficiency and rivalry. All but the most obtuse are ready to admit that throwing out the imperialists was the easiest part of their job, and concede that they have just about run out of ideas for combating Asia's measureless poverty, unemployment, illiteracy, disease and administrative chaos.

Quixotic Philosopher. Most of these countries (as did the U.S. after its own Revolutionary War) started freedom with a single, nationalistic political movement to which all patriots belonged as a matter of course. In Burma this party still bears the outdated name of the Anti-Fascist Peoples Freedom League and, under the quixotic leadership of pious, philosophic U Nu, has been just barely effective in holding off a long succession of revolts by two varieties of Communists, and such racial minorities as the Karens and the Shans. Last week this one frail, unifying force split asunder.

In Burma, perhaps even more than in France, *cherchez la femme* has an ominous meaning. To the political rivalries of the onetime comrades in arms were added the bickering and ambitions of their wives. U Nu's wife refused for months to speak to the wife of U Kyaw Nyein, Minister for National Economy. Kyaw Nyein's wife would have nothing to do with the wife of Thakin Kyaw Dun, Minister for Agriculture. Premier U Nu tried hard to take a Nehruian position above the fray but was inevitably drawn into what he himself describes as the party's "family quarrels." He was also angry about the "outrageous" lawlessness in the countryside, and last month called in the Army—not the police, which he said was 100 much under the politicians—to crack down. The Army made mass arrests of more than 300 Burmese, many of them AFPL politicians, but U Nu insisted the arrests had no political significance.

That was the end of any pretense at any political unity among the aging "anti-Fascists." After a tense meeting of the AFPL, the rivals last week agreed to a "divorce by mutual consent." In a

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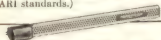
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radio address to the nation. Premier U Nu said: "I did my best to bring about unity within the AFPFL. But if this is impossible and the split occurs, I must go with one side. I can't remain neutral."

Marxist Buddhist. U Nu has also declared that "Marxism and Buddhism are incompatible," but to Burma's surprise the side he chose to join was that of Marxist Thakin Kyaw Dun and his strongly left-wing socialist followers. U Kyaw Nyein emerged as the rival leader, backed by U Ba Swe, Minister of Defense, and Thakin Tha Kin, ex-Home Minister who had been fired by U Nu. Both sides agreed to an equal division of the party's real estate and money, and prepared for a showdown in the August session of Parliament, with the losing side agreeing to form the "opposition" party.

TOGOLAND

"Masters in Our Own House"

Togoland is a hot, humid and tiny country, 75 miles wide and 330 miles long, named by the Germans, given to the French under a U.N. trusteeship, and stuck like an afterthought on the map of Africa, between Ghana and the even tinier French territory of Dahomey. Of all French African territories, it is closest to independence. At the same time, it has seemed closest to France. Since 1950 the government has been safely in the hands of Premier Nicolas Grunitzky, a naturalized French citizen and member of the French National Assembly. The boss of the ruling political party is also a naturalized French citizen. Last week, when Togoland held its first election under universal suffrage, not even the opposition thought that the voters would do anything but confirm the status quo.

Actually, France has maintained this surface harmony largely because the leading party in the land, in the years immediately following World War II, has beaten the drum for independence and boycotted all elections since 1952. Each year Sylvanus Olympio, 56, head of the *Comité de l'Unité Togolaise* (C.U.T.), journeyed to Manhattan to plead Togoland's case before the U.N. He is a graduate of the left-wing-leaning London School of Economics, and Togoland's top businessman. As a result of his boycott, an Assembly was elected without a single member of the opposition represented, and France was able to keep control of defense, finance, labor and education, as well as the High Commissioner's power to veto any legislation. Last year, dissatisfied with Togoland's progress toward independence, the U.N. politely but firmly ordered a general election to be held under U.N. supervision.

"Abledé! Abledé!" As the U.N. poll watchers began to arrive at the end of February, the opposition was already protesting rigged conditions. Candidates' deposits were suddenly jacked up from 5,000 African francs (\$24) to 50,000 African francs, which is more than the annual income of most Togolandese. An old law, dating back to 1881, was resurrected to



WINNER OLYMPIO
Under U.N. eyes, an upset.

curb political rallies. Finally, the opposition charged that the government's list of registered voters excluded the names of thousands of independence supporters. Though the government reopened the lists, it closed the Ghana border, to stem the flow of pro-independence ideas from that newly independent state next door. Nevertheless, the nationalist fever mounted. **"Abledé! Abledé! Abledé!"** (Freedom! Freedom! Freedom!) shouted nationalist speakers; the crowds roared back. **"Wolo o wogebé o, milahoe!"** (No matter what they say, we'll win!)

At the northern polling station of Koumea last week, the first voter of the day strode in stark naked except for a straw hat. In the south, nationalists regaled reporters with accusations of repeat voting by government supporters; the ink stamped on each voter's hand to prevent his voting twice apparently washed off easily. But when day was done, the unexpected news began to spread: Olympio's party had won 60% of the votes, and 31 out of 46 Assembly seats.

Powder Politics. All next day, jubilant crowds swarmed through the streets of Lomé. They surrounded Olympio's house, doused him with white powder as a sign of victory, danced around him, singing and cheering. Olympio, who will probably be the new Premier, shouted at a victory rally: "I have always told you that no people was made by God to serve under another forever."

In both Paris and Lomé, French officials took consolation in Olympio's announcement: "We have no intention of driving the French people away. We will need them for many years." But he also warned: "It should be our right to take over at any time—whenever we feel ready for it. We're masters in our own house. That's sure."

INDONESIA

The Mystery Pilots

An olive-drab, two-engined plane without markings or number swept in low and thundering over the Indonesian port of Balikpapan in Borneo. Bombs tumbled out from the opened bomb bay, and the British tanker, *San Flutiano*, erupted in a series of explosions that broke the vessel's back. An Indonesian corvette, anchored protectively at the harbor mouth, took a direct hit, burst into flames from stem to stern. The Royal Dutch Shell Co. hastily shut down its installations at Balikpapan, signaled oil tankers to clear the area.

All last week unmarked planes ranged the Molucca and Celebes Seas, the Strait of Makassar, the Banda Sea and the Djailolo Passage. At Amboina the Italian freighter *Aquila* was bombed and sunk, the Greek ship *Armonia* strafed, the Panamanian *Flying Lark* left with nine dead. On the open seas an Indonesian merchant ship, recently purchased from the Soviet Union, was riddled, and its Russian captain broadcast a frantic S O S to Djakarta, reporting five dead.

Laying Eggs. Everyone knew where the marauding planes were based: at the rebel stronghold of Menado in the Northern Celebes. But no one save the rebels themselves knew for certain where the small air fleet of four B-26s and two Mustang fighters had been purchased, or who were their pilots. Said a survivor of the tanker *San Flutiano*: "The plane came in mast-high and laid its eggs right on us. You can't tell me an American wasn't at the controls."

President Sukarno apparently agreed. Until last week he believed he had the twelve-week-old rebellion under control, was boasting to crowds that "the fall of capitalism is a historical necessity. A new era of socialism will be born . . . Those who don't realize this will ultimately be destroyed."

But now as government-held ports and airfields were repeatedly bombed and strafed, he cried that "adventurers from Formosa and even from the United States" were responsible (President Eisenhower's answer: "Our policy is one of careful neutrality and proper deportment . . . Now, on the other hand, every rebellion that I have ever heard of has its soldiers of fortune."). Advising the U.S. "not to play with fire," Sukarno added: "If the outside world is thinking in terms of making Indonesia into a second Korea or a second Viet Nam, there will be World War III."

"Hired Killers." In Menado, the rebels answered that all of their pilots were Indonesians, although some of them were "of Chinese descent." Rebel Colonel Joop Warouw went on to accuse Sukarno of himself employing foreigners, especially Czech pilots who flew against the rebels as "hired killers." He added ominously: "We warn Sukarno that unless all Soviet technicians, advisers and naval officers disguised as merchant-ship captains, leave Indonesia immediately, we will not hesitate to accept open aid from the anti-Communist bloc."



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CANADA

Ike & Dief

From the White House and Canada's Parliament Hill came simultaneous announcements last week that the President and Mrs. Eisenhower—along with Secretary of State and Mrs. John Foster Dulles—will pay a neighborly visit to Canada's capital on July 8, 9 and 10. It will be Eisenhower's first visit to Ottawa since the Conservative government of Prime Minister John Diefenbaker was elected last year.

Both Washington and Ottawa seemed determined to demonstrate that recent trade irritations have not scarred their friendship. The point was also emphasized at the United Nations last week, when Canada's Ambassador Charles Ritchie strongly endorsed the U.S. Arctic inspection plan (see FOREIGN NEWS).

THE AMERICAS

Plain Talk

Aside from a Buenos Aires traffic-jam delay that left his chair embarrassingly vacant for 13 minutes during the swearing-in of Argentine President Arturo Frondizi, Vice President Richard Nixon has handled the pomp and protocol of his swing through Latin America with precision, ability and affability. Even more impressive has been his readiness to shuck off diplomatic doubletalk and explain just where the U.S. stands.

Nixon went out of his way for straight-from-the-shoulder talk in Uruguay. The day of his arrival he was showered with anti-U.S. pamphlets as he passed the University of Montevideo Law School. Next day, against the cautious advice of U.S. embassy and Uruguayan police officials, Nixon paid a spur-of-the-moment visit to the Law School, was asked to talk with Ricardo Yelpeo, 26-year-old leader of the Communist-front Student Federation. Nixon agreed. "We reproach the U.S. for its passive policy towards dictatorships in Latin America," Yelpeo began. "Secondly, your economic policy on wool* forces us to remain in economic anemia."

Nixon fielded the economic question first: "When we get to specific commodities such as wool, you must realize that ours, too, is a free country. We have people who produce these commodities. We have pressures to protect these interests. These pressures are particularly strong during an economic recession." As for dictators, he said, "If the U.S. were to take the position of openly discriminating between one form of government and another, with what would we be charged? Interfering in the internal affairs of other nations. Dictatorships are repugnant to us, but this would be the colossus of the north telling the little countries of the south what to do."

In Argentina, Nixon paid a duty call on outgoing President Pedro Aramburu,



United Press

PRESIDENT FRONDISI GREETING NIXON'S
Ability plus affability.

then slipped off for an hour's chat with President-elect Frondizi. Perched on a daybed in an out-of-the-way apartment, Nixon told Frondizi that the U.S. wants to be a good friend of Argentina, but the flow of private capital must be encouraged. Public loans are not the answer, Frondizi answered frankly. He wanted to lower the barriers against U.S. private capital, he said, but his country was caught between a sinking economy and nationalist hostility to "concessions."

At a round-table meeting with a group of Argentine businessmen, Nixon stood his ground, even though forced to tread on some tender toes. Asked about a loan to Argentina's limping nationalized oil industry, Nixon replied, "It is our policy not to make loans in areas where private capital is available. I anticipate no change in this policy." There was no doubt that the U.S. Vice President was getting his country's message across loud and clear. At week's end he pushed on to Paraguay, was greeted at Asuncion by a warm *abrazo* from President Alfredo Stroessner, chorused *aviva* from a capacity crowd at the airport and a 21-gun salute.

ARGENTINA

Back to Democracy

Tall and erect in a severe black vest and tail coat, Arturo Frondizi laid his hand on the Bible and swore to discharge his duties with "loyalty and patriotism." Cannon in the square outside boomed a 21-gun salute, and the 3,000 people jammed into the 1,000-seat Hall of Congress cheered the return of constitutional government after a decade of dictatorship and 21 months of military rule.

Pale from fatigue and the lingering effects of flu, President Frondizi began

ticking off his answers to the nation's pressing problems. The address, his first clear statement of position since the Feb. 23 election, added up to a moderate, vigorous program—a heartening swing away from the nationalist, leftist line that he used to gain key votes from the supporters of ousted Dictator Juan Peron.

Austerity in Government. "The national treasury is empty," warned Frondizi, adding that the trade deficit is so huge that even vital imported supplies (e.g., petroleum) might be cut off by year's end. He promised administrative austerity, but said the broader solution for the nation was "encouraging productive private enterprise." He pledged that there would be no new expropriation of foreign investments, though industries already nationalized would be kept. He announced that he was taking over as president of the floundering state oil monopoly and would accept aid from private capital, "without abolishing state control."

Frondizi said he would ask Congress for an "ample and generous" political amnesty, under which "all political parties can freely function." He thus made payment on his political debt to the Peronistas, but was also living up to his deep personal belief that no one should be persecuted for political ideas. He praised the military for their "historic service to democracy," but warned them to stay out of politics from now on.

Friends in the Cabinet. The new President rode through cheering crowds to the presidential palace, where he received the sash of office from General Pedro Aramburu, the retiring provisional President who brought the nation firmly back to democracy. Seated in the ancient red-and-

* A special duty on Uruguayan wool tops.

* Second from left: Frondizi's daughter Elena.



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gold presidential chair. Frondizi then swore in his eight-man Cabinet, most of them moderates and close personal friends.

Frondizi soon got clear evidence that diehard Peronistas may confuse amnesty with a license for riot. At a military parade, a segment of the crowd shouted "President by Perón's orders!" and sent up a barrage of balloons bearing colored pictures of Perón and his late wife, Eva. One balloon floated by Frondizi's face and was snared by an aide. All through the afternoon, Peronista demonstrations flared up in central streets, but Frondizi's new police chief sent in cops with tear gas to disperse the mobs. It was an encouraging reminder that, whatever Frondizi said on the campaign trail, he was one of Perón's bitterest critics while the strongman ruled. Getting right down to his huge job at week's end, the new President sent his amnesty bill along to Congress and announced a total ban on imports until a list of priorities could be drawn up.

COLOMBIA

The Half-Day Revolt

Diehard military men, bent on short-circuiting the sure election of Civilian Alberto Lleras Camargo as bipartisan President of Colombia, brazenly kidnapped five top Colombians last week. The victims, four of the five joint presidents who make up the military junta that dumped Dictator Gustavo Rojas Pinilla last May—and Candidate Lleras himself.

"Come Along." The rebels, all members of the military police led by Colonel Hernando Forero Gómez, laid their plans with care. At 3 a.m. on the chosen night, Forero sent out police patrol trucks to round up the government leaders. Major General Gabriel Paris was collected so swiftly that he rode off to military police barracks wearing pajamas and robe, but no slippers. Brigadier General Rafael Navas Pardo's sentry fired a few shots at the kidnappers, gave him time to dress in the dark and head for the back-garden wall. Just as he was about to go over, a voice said quietly: "My General Navas, come along."

Brigadier General Luis Ordóñez delayed his abductors 20 minutes with a tongue-lashing but was forced to go along anyway. The capture of tough Major General Desgraciados Fonseca was noisy; a guard managed to scream: "Save yourself, General! They've come to kill you!" Struggling, Fonseca was hauled off bodily to his pickup truck.

The seizure of Lleras began well. A strange voice phoned the Lleras home to tell the candidate to get ready, that he was needed to help put down a plot against the junta. Lleras shaved, dressed and dutifully stepped into the military police truck that came to pick him up. But his captors committed the tactical error of racing past the presidential palace on their way to the barracks, and were stopped for speeding by the army's palace guards. The guards recognized the prisoner, leveled rifles at the military police, escorted Lleras to safety.



JUNTA RESCUER PIEDRAHITA
There'll always be an admiral.

Romantic Movement. By missing Vice Admiral Ruben Piedrahita, the fifth man in the junta, the rebels made the fatal mistake in their comedy-of-errors revolt. A little after 3 a.m., Piedrahita got a phone call from Public Works Minister Roberto Salazar, a neighbor of kidnapped General Fonseca. "There's a plot against the government," gasped Salazar. "They've taken the generals and are coming for you. You must be dressed when I come by your house." Piedrahita scrambled into his uniform and climbed down the fire escape of his apartment building as Salazar drove up.

Together in the palace, Lleras and Piedrahita took stock. By telephone, Forero proclaimed his insurrection "a romantic movement to restore the honor of the armed forces." Apparently he hoped to bargain for postponement of the election and formation of a new junta. Rumors racing through town that Rojas Pinilla was coming back took on added weight from the fact that the exiled military dictator last week left Lisbon, flew to Bermuda, bought a ticket for Rio de Janeiro. But the armed forces stuck solidly behind the junta. Piedrahita was still free to take charge, and that was enough.

Under the admiral's orders, army troops drove military policemen from the radio stations they had seized. Air force planes swooped low over Bogotá's military barracks to discourage any wavering army units from joining the rebels. Then 1,000 infantrymen, backed by artillery and tanks, marched up to the military police barracks. Forero, disheartened by the failure of other armed forces to support him, surrendered his hostages in return for safe conduct to asylum in the Salvadoran embassy. By midday the city and country were firmly back in the junta's hands. And this week's election, broadcast Piedrahita for the junta, will be guaranteed "even if it costs us our lives."

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Due for the full Washington treatment this week is Spain's handsome, unmarried **Prince Juan Carlos**, 20, in on an unofficial visit for five days of capital sights, parties and interviews. Even the hostess with the mostes, peripatetic Party Giver **Perle Mesta**, gets her chance (for one hour) at the young prince, rumored to be Dictator **Francisco Franco's** choice for the Spanish throne. Said Perle: "I'm going to have a combination tea and cocktail hour. What I've planned to do is have the prince meet . . . some of the Republicans and Democrats here in Washington. This is what I thought the prince might like to do." Also on the schedule: peeks at West Point, Annapolis and Manhattan.

To celebrate the opening of the rebuilt, 1,401-seat Lunt-Fontanne Theatre—first legitimate playhouse addition to Broadway in 31 years—Actress **Helen Hayes**, who has a theater named for her right across 46th Street, joined hands with Veteran Troupers **Alfred Lunt** and **Lynn Fontanne** under the marquee, presented them with sisterly kisses and a gushing essay in metamorphosis: "This commemorates the moment when the two most

beautiful people in the world become the most beautiful theater in the world." Appropriately, the Lunts open the theater dubbed in their honor this week with a play called *The Visit*—their 17th Broadway production together since 1924.

It was just like old times down South for onetime Playgirl **Patricia** ("Honeychile") **Wilder**, now the wife of Prince Alexander. Hohenlohe-Waldenburg-Schillingsfürst and proprietress of an Austrian resort hotel. On a recent safari to Italian Somaliland, it seems, Honeychile bought herself a slave girl. "I'm from Georgia, you know, in the Deep South, and we used to have slaves there," explained Honeychile. "The sweet little girl was only 16, and her father wanted to sell her to some old man. I just jumped into the affair and outbid the other buyer." But Honeychile still has one problem: how to get her new possession into Austria.

With advance bookings of \$1,400,000 and ticket mongers taking orders for 1960, the most ballyhooed play of the year, *My Fair Lady*, opened in London for what looked like a long, long run. Headed by the same principals (**Rex Harrison**, **Julie Andrews**, **Stanley Holloway**) who starred in it on Broadway,



Brian Seed

HARRISON & KENDALL
The lady is a champ.

Lady captivated most of the city's capacious critics (said the *Times*: "A musical comedy of the first water"), who often delight in panning U.S. productions. Afterward, temperamental, triumphant Actor **Harrison**, escorted by Cinemactress Wife **Kay Kendall**, gamely offered a limp hand to a well-wisher.

Hollywood Restaurateur **Mike Romanoff**, the "Prince" of modern phonies, who has kept his origins and his early immigration run-ins with the U.S. suitably mixed up, turned drably legitimate. By voice vote, the U.S. Senate passed a bill declaring him a permanent U.S. resident as of December 1932. Said Mike: "I've lost my title. I feel sort of naked before mine enemies."

Lecturing in Arizona, Novelist **Erskine Caldwell** set up his own bullyboy definition of literature, then admitted that he did not measure up: "Literature implies a graceful treading along a prescribed course and a conformity to the sensibilities of prejudiced minds. I am not quiet-spoken, and I do not have a velvet touch. I like to hammer, hammer, hammer, and make all the noise I can."

Oldtime Cinemactress **Corinne Griffith**, 58, in her heyday the eye-filling "orchid lady of the screen," revealed that the bloom was off her 22-year marriage to garrulous **George Preston Marshall**, onetime Washington laundryman and owner of the Redskins pro football team. Corinne, a West Coast realtor, will file for divorce, told a reporter: "There is no marital bliss in being 3,000 miles apart. And as hard as I tried, I just couldn't learn to play football." Promoter Marshall, for once, had no comment.

Minus a pesky gall bladder, ex-President **Herbert Hoover**, 83, strode out of Manhattan's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center two weeks after his operation, pronounced himself well and ready for work in another two weeks. Hoover, who was awarded an honorary degree (his 84th)



Associated Press

THE LUNTS & HELEN HAYES
Two beautiful people become a beautiful theater.



1.

Bill Walker smiled infrequently, and wore a nervous frown
As every day he moaned his way from home to work in town.
Afraid of his own shadow, he would slink along the street,
And faced with any danger he would beat a quick retreat.



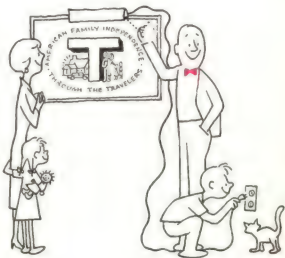
2.

Till one day right on Broadway, Billy kicked his heels in glee,
"I'm traveling Travelers way," he cried, "I'm happy as can be.
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from the State University of New York while in the hospital, had some cheery advice on operations for the elderly: "Go to a good hospital and have it over with. It's not as bad as it used to be. When you get out of a hospital in two weeks, it's a testimonial to the doctors."

Despite censorship by an overzealous P.I.O., word leaked out of some of hip-flipping Crooner **Elvis Presley's** activities at Fort Hood, Texas. He has advanced to acting assistant squad leader, donated new furniture to the company recreation hall, and according to a fellow trainee, "when he's free at night he goes to the telephone center and makes calls. On weekends the place is flooded with girls, and they drive him around the post."

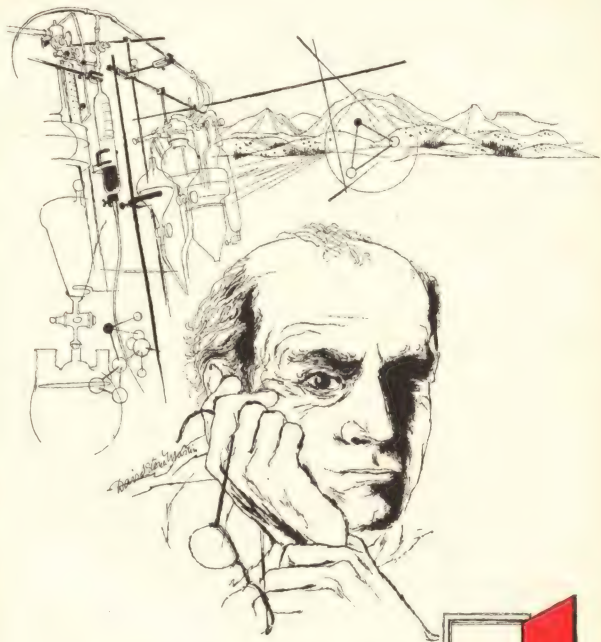
Poet **Ezra Pound**, released from a Washington, D.C. mental hospital, paid a friendly visit to North Dakota's aged (79), ailing Representative **Usher Burdick**, who last year asked in Congress for a review of the poet's case. Spry Ezra did his best to cheer up the Congressman with a 75-minute discourse on everything from American Presidents (**Herbert Hoover**: "Any man can make errors in his youth"); **Franklin D. Roosevelt**: "He was a fool"; to the well-documented charges that Pound made treasurable broadcasts from Italy during World War II ("Damned lies—I never told the troops not to fight"). Unperturbed by the word flow, Burdick had admitted earlier that he had never read any of Pound's works: "I like things that are clear."

Flying into London for a two-week concert tour, robust Singer **Ella Fitzgerald** ran afoul of tight-lipped British customs officials, who held up Ella and her eleven-man troupe for almost two hours on a luggage search (object of the hunt: unspecified contraband), cut open toothpaste tubes, analyzed a bottle of vitamin pills belonging to Bassist Ray Brown, tried to probe the large (225 lbs.) person of Songstress Fitzgerald. Furious, Ella shouted: "I've been a million places but never saw anything like this!", later calmed down over the reaction of her first audience, which yowled for encores, went home only when Pianist Oscar Peterson, in desperation, played *God Save the Queen*.

Durable *Boulevardier* Maurice Chevalier, 69, confessed that he did not understand the younger generation, frowned especially at sad-eyed, bedroomy Novelist **Françoise Sagan**: "I do not follow that kind of mentality. I cannot understand how it is to be young, in good health, to have talent and money, to be attractive—if with these five blessings you are unhappy, then what do you want? The only thing left is to commit suicide!"

To the nation's best-known bench warmer, **Bernard Baruch**, 87, came the ultimate reward: another bench of his own, in front of a new library at Manhattan's City College, presented by his class of 1939.

TIME, MAY 12, 1958



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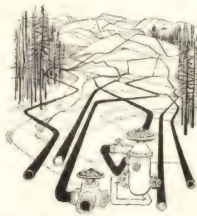
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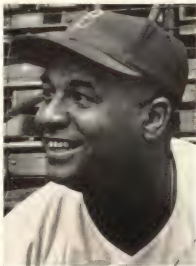
One Steno = 19.44 Appendices

Cincinnati's Dr. Arthur G. King, an obstetrician with an eye for Labor Department statistics, sharply disagrees with the complaint that doctors' bills are out of control. Compared to the other costs, he argued last week in *Medical Economics*, medical expenses have actually dropped. Back in 1936, as Dr. King figures it, an electrician had to work 2½ hours to pay for a physician's daytime house call. In 1956 it took him only 1½ hours. To pay for an appendectomy in 1936, a plumber had to work 73½ hours v. a mere 44 in 1956. But the general practitioner who needed 1.28 house calls in 1936 to buy his wife a new pair of shoes now needs 2.28. Where a surgeon could pay his stenographer for a year with fees from 12.36 appendectomies, he now has to perform the operation 19.44 times.

Back to Life

"I got this far, honey. I'll get home yet," muttered Roy Campanella to his wife after his car overturned three months ago and landed him in a Long Island hospital with an injured spinal cord. The great Dodger catcher still has a long way to go. He is paralyzed in all four limbs. Whether he will walk again, with or without braces and crutches, is still in doubt. But last week his doctors announced that they will soon move him to one of the few places in the world where anything can be done for him: the Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation at Manhattan's New York University-Bellevue Medical Center.

Only ten years ago such patients as 36-year-old Campanella had no hope of recovery. Today they can be saved by wonder drugs from the infections that



Robert W. Kelley—LIFE

QUADRIPLEGIC CAMPANELLA Back to busy lives . . .

once doomed them. And they can be brought back to productive lives. Reason: rehabilitation, which has grown spectacularly into an entire new "third phase" of medicine—after diagnosis and treatment. More than 2,250,000 disabled Americans, recovering from disease or accidents, sorely need its help in getting back to life. Most in need: paraplegics (both legs disabled), quadriplegics (both arms and legs) and hemiplegics (one side of the body). For them, "rehab" is a stirring technique of hope, sweat and moral grit—and for the majority, it has worked.

"Bed to Job." What happens to Quadriplegic Campanella at the Rehabilitation Institute is mostly up to him. First

rule: "Paralysis is a way of life." To teach it—if he has the will to learn—the patient can count on a skilled team of therapists, psychiatrists, vocational counselors, social workers, bracemakers and rehab's own special physicians, the physiatrists. They begin with a precise analysis of how much physical capacity remains, seek out the spine level at which muscles are no longer connected with the brain. Where possible, points of spinal-cord compression have been relieved by neurosurgery; uncontrollable muscle spasms are lessened by various nerve-cutting operations. Once he knows his capacity, the patient is ready to develop it "from bed to job."

The challenge is grim. A person with no sensation in his legs or arms cannot even feel in those limbs the burn of an oven-hot radiator, the pain of a hard fall, the bed sores that breed serious infection—all bad risks that he must be alert to avoid. To stimulate circulation, avoid kidney stones and prevent his joints from locking and his bones from decalcifying, he must somehow rise to a standing position for at least an hour a day, a dizzying feat that is aided at first with a special tilt-table. The patient is also faced with the distressing fact that he cannot control his bladder and bowels. Though he is taught automatic control, the adult must put up with what embarrasses the child: he is going to wet his bed.

The results are far from grim. Lying in bed or sitting in his wheelchair, the patient slowly gains strength with constant use of dumbbells and pushups. For those who can eventually stand in their braces, the secrets of confident balance are patiently learned with the aid of low parallel bars, usually under the eye of paraplegic teachers who have already learned. Laboriously, in a never-ending process sparked by the slogan "Keep Moving," they learn anew 137 separate daily activities, from tying shoelaces to



Stanley Simmons

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DR. RUSK & PATIENT
An apostle for rehab.

changed everything. At Missouri's Jefferson Barracks Hospital, Army Air Corps Major Rusk was appalled by a total lack of convalescent conditioning. When still-shaky patients returned to active duty, they quickly slid back to the hospital. Rusk soon got his convalescents into shape so successfully that the Air Corps put him in charge of a program that spread to 253 hospitals and twelve rehab centers, was also adopted by the Army and Navy. With a Distinguished Service Medal for his work at war's end, Colonel Rusk was "on fire" to do the same job for 20 million handicapped civilians.

Financier Bernard Baruch contributed money and encouragement. Publisher Arthur Hays Sulzberger of the New York Times caught fire too, gave Rusk a platform as an associate editor. The doctor's bylined reports on the lack of civilian rehab facilities, plus a new medical professorship from New York University, imited such philanthropists as the Bernard Gimbel's and the late Louis Hor-

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witz, builder of Manhattan's Woolworth Building. In 1951 the \$2,500,000 Institute opened its doors, has now trained more than 260 U.S. physicians and 3,000 therapists, plus teams from 28 other countries. Still expanding, it will have beds for 100 adults and 16 children by July, supervises 179 beds in nearby hospitals.

Hunting & Touring. The surface of rehabilitation has really only been scratched. The U.S. now has only about 300 rehab-trained doctors, needs at least 9,300 more. Since the aged are especially vulnerable to disablement, rehab's job will grow as science stretches longevity. Most disabled people, who now cost the public some \$537 million annually, can be readily rehabilitated. Nearly 85% of rehabilitants return to work. In about three years, their income taxes alone match the public funds spent on them during disability.

Roy Campanella will have plenty of inspiring examples of a rehab axiom: if the patient wills it, nothing is too tough. Rusk's team techniques, 80% usable by individual doctors as well, have returned even quadriplegics to busy lives. A Bolivian boy, born without legs or arms, now paints, plays, walks and attends school with artificial limbs. A leading Southern cotton broker, made quadriplegic in an auto accident, is back running his business twelve hours a day, even goes deer-hunting. In San Diego last week, a group of seven such people emplaned for a precedent-setting tour of Europe, their itinerary mapped by a new organization called Wings for the Disabled. A similar group of 30 will fly from New York to Europe next week. Says ebullient John W. Sharp, 30, a San Diego polo victim who got the idea after wheel-chairing across Europe last summer: "Next year I'd like to see an African safari for the handicapped. I honestly think we could do it."

Bifocal Contact Lenses

Today's featherweight plastic contact lenses are invaluable to many nearsighted and farsighted people. But those who need bifocal correction still cannot use them. Reason: it is useless to place a reading prescription in the bottom of a contact lens because the tiny plastic disk, resting in a shallow bath of tears, rotates once or twice a minute.

Last week Optometrist Newton K. Wesley of Chicago's Eye Research Foundation announced an ingenious solution: a bifocal contact lens with the distant-vision prescription in the center, enclosed by a surrounding area that corrects for closeup reading. Rotation therefore makes no difference. Wesley, who tried the first pair on himself, reports that 65 people who have worn the new lenses for as long as five months are enthusiastic. If they look straight ahead with eyes wide open, they see through the center lens. When they look down, the contact lens rises, so that they see through the outer circle. As they look up again, a blink slips the lens back into place.

Price range of bifocal contacts: \$200 to \$500 a pair.

More winning Pro's are playing modern... U.S. ROYAL SPECIALS



At the Bing Crosby Tournament, Pebble Beach, U.S. Staffers, left to right, (standing) Bob Hill, Joe Conrad, Al Besselink, Ken Venturi, (kneeling) Gene Bone, Peter Mazur, Bill Parker, Everett Vinzant, Fred Hawkins, Eddie Merrins—all played U.S. Royal Specials.

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United States Rubber

Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York

MUSIC



Walter Sundares—Left
MOISEYEV FANS AT THE MET
Sunny exuberance.

O.K.!

With Manhattan at their dancing feet, 90 remarkable Russians launched a seven-week campaign this week to sweep through eleven other U.S. and Canadian cities across the continent. The invaders, Moscow's phenomenal Moiseyev Dance Company (TIME April 14), Every night for three weeks the standees jostled four deep behind the Metropolitan Opera's ropes, and even the ushers stared popeyed at the stage. Orchestra seats went on the black market for \$80 a pair, but few could be had. Night after night, audiences (total: 79,000, who paid \$167,000) rose in cheering ovations. Impresario Sol Hurok promptly scheduled four extra performances in Madison Square Garden in late June—and they are already sold out.

What did the kids (average age: 23) have? Most obviously, boundless energy, meshed-gear precision, dramatic flair, sheer physical virtuosity. In superbly mounted national folk dances and "popular ballets" (original works on contemporary Russian themes), the men soared above the stage in spring-legged leaps that seemed to pin them in the air as if frozen by a strobe light, whipped their bodies into angles few Western dancers would even attempt. In *Polyanka* (The Meadow), files of dancers snaked across the stage in a sinuous blur of speed, hurled past one another in a complex tracery. *Partisans* had the black-cloaked dancers gliding in roller-smooth imitation of horsemen on patrol; *Soccer* sent them cartwheeling in comic, splay-fingered lunges for an imaginary ball.

Masculine Moies. What perhaps warmed U.S. audiences most was the robust, open humor and friendliness, the

sunny exuberance that blew through the whole performance. The full-bodied Russian girls were ingeniously sensuous without being sensual. The men—possibly the most masculine male dancers ever to kick a leg in Manhattan—performed their muscle-twisting feats with a pure animal joy of movement rarely seen on the stage. Wrote Critic Harold Clurman: "The qualities these dancers possess are those we [Americans] like to claim as our own when we feel ourselves to be at our best."

Manhattan's love affair with the Moiseyev—running concurrently with Moscow's crush on U.S. Pianist Van Cliburn (TIME April 21-28)—went on offstage too. Every time the dancers left their Times Square hotel (where they insisted on making their own beds), they were followed by curious throngs, snapped by photographers, interviewed by newsmen. The girls went on Fifth Avenue shopping sprees, passed opinions about the chemise ("all right for the not too fat"), Americans ("very friendly"), Manhattan ("too noisy"), the Broadway musical *West Side Story* ("too sexy"). When the dancers visited Harlem, they were amazed to find broad streets where they had expected to find "oppressed classes" living in shacks. The stoutly Republican New York *Herald Tribune*, learning that blonde Dancer Lydia Skriabina cherished but could not afford a \$5 mechanical bear, sent a reporter dashing out to buy it and present it to her.

Leaps to Rock. After attending a matinee of *West Side Story*, the whole company paid an onstage visit to the cast, soon began communicating in a spontaneous contest of dance leaps and turns. When the Russians outleaped and out-

turned them, the *West Siders* took refuge in a whirl of rock 'n' roll. To their astonishment, the Muscovites went right into rock 'n' roll too. The Russians also went downtown to Michael Herman's Folk Dance House, studiously followed a caller through the intricacies of such American classics as *Kentucky Mountain Running Set*, *Paw Paw Patch*, *Beaux of Oak Hill*. At their final Metropolitan appearance before leaving for this week's engagement in Montreal, they surprised and delighted their audience with a spirited rendition of the Virginia reel to the tune of *Turkey in the Strain*, then "la-la-laed" through a chorus of *Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here* and bade farewell with shouts of the word that echoed Manhattan's verdict: "O.K.!"

Polish on the Keys

"It wasn't the lack of dressing rooms that got me," said Conductor-Pianist Leonard Bernstein grimly. "Or the fact that there was no air conditioning. What did it was the ghoul that put the furniture polish on the keys." Bernstein had just led the New York Philharmonic through the first concert of its seven-week Latin American tour. The experience was one that neither the orchestra nor the Panama City audience was likely ever to forget.

When the Philharmonic turned up at the Rio Theatre, the players discovered that a tropical thunderstorm had saturated their trunks, lined up along an outside wall, and soaked their evening clothes. Next they learned that the Rio had no dressing rooms for them. Stoically, they wrung out their sodden dinner jackets, changed clothes in the street before a curious mob and a swarm of newspaper



CLIMAX OF MOISEYEV'S "PARTISANS"
Animal joy.



How to improve your martinis without taking lessons

Some 300 years ago, a Hollander who was born under the sign of Sagittarius, and hence shot with luck, invented gin.

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We suggest you try a Seagram martini and glide your way through the cocktail hour with a song in your heart.

Seagram's gin costs a few pennies more, but that, by Juniper, is a paltry price to pay for progress.

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TIME, MAY 12, 1958

CANADA'S GOT IT!...The Canadian

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photographers. Inside, one of Bernstein's aides noticed that the overzealous fellow who had buffed the piano had left a fine oil slick on the keys. (It was only mosquito repellent, explained the management.) Someone produced a bottle of whisky to cut the grease, but before it could become the most celebrated fifth in Philharmonic annals since Beethoven's, straight alcohol was delivered from a nearby pharmacy, and the keys were scrubbed clean.

With typical Latin disrespect for any but bullfight schedules, even the gate crashers filtered in late. When Bernstein finally launched into the Panamanian national anthem, the orchestra consistently flatted in one repeated passage due to



El Hissón
SIDEWALK CHANGE IN PANAMA
And a flat in the national anthem.

a copyist's error in the scores. In the packed, humid house Bernstein flatted his way dripping through Aaron Copland's *Symphony No. 3*. When he returned to the stage to play Ravel's *Concerto in G Major for Piano and Orchestra*, he promptly retreated to the wings: the management had neglected to provide a pianist's bench. A stagehand scurried out with a chair, and the concert went on, punctuated by the harking of dogs resounding through open doors from the street and by the outraged sounds of late arrivals who found their seats already occupied.

The audience sat through it all, radiating enthusiasm, even applauded between movements. "They were fine," said Conductor Bernstein tensely over a Scotch and soda at a postconcert reception. The next night the orchestra scored an even bigger triumph in Caracas, where it performed before a capacity crowd of 3,000 and a television audience of 1,000,000. Next high hurdle on the orchestra's ANTA-sponsored tour: a concert at La Paz (11,900 ft.), where plans are afoot to provide oxygen tanks to help the bulge-cheeked brass and woodwind players huff their way through the evening.



**"Everything's different
in Puerto Rico
—even the rum!"**

*says Payson T. Lowell
of Boston, Massachusetts*

"I learned something new about Puerto Rico every day," says Mr. Lowell.

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"The island itself is captivating. I never imagined myself making approach shots across the moat of an old Spanish fortress. My partner swears he heard ghostly laughter from that sentry box when I missed my putt."

▶ Payson Lowell plays the amazing El Morro course in Old San Juan. Back home in Boston he reports, "Rum highball—have now become quite proper, when made with light Puerto Rican rum."

*Casamancilla at Puerto Rico, Rum Promotion
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SPORT

Fizzle of a Legend

All week long Louisville was a country carnival, happily clipping the customers. The town belonged to hotelkeepers with five-buck rooms sold out at \$25 a flop, to hash houses peddling 60¢ breakfasts for \$2, to taxi drivers with their meters off, charging fat, flat fees. It belonged to loud, lubricated crowds, to light-fingered dips tiptoeing daintily among the juleps. But right up to post time, the 84th running of the Kentucky Derby belonged to a big-barreled California colt named Silky Sullivan (TIME, March 17).

The smart money studied the figures and played Calumet Farm's Tim Tam or Jewel's Reward, the Maine Chance speedster. But reading race charts is a cold-blooded business. Sentimentalists liked Silky, the brawny, unkempt boy from the West: hunch players loved him for his heart-stopping habit of hanging back, far off the pace, and coming on in the final seconds to overhaul horses in a wild scramble up the stretch.

So even the parade to the post belonged to Silky, his red coat gleaming through the muggy afternoon, a red shadow roll across his nose and a red ribbon braided into his tail. And the cheers were still for Silky when the field ran away from him at the start. He fell back nearly 30 lengths, but this was the way it was supposed to be. No one was worried. There was even a special battery of television cameras trained on Silky. There was no room for him in the main lens, which focused so closely on the leaders that televiewers had a hard time following the race.

Up front, a speed horse named Lincoln Road forced the pace. Tim Tam, cleverly guided by Jockey Ismael Valenzuela, a last-minute substitute for injured Willie

Hartack, saved ground and came around the muddy track hugging the rail. Then, at the three-eighths pole, Silky turned it on. He exploded past two horses, and the crowd came alive. But the high rising scream stopped short, Silky suddenly ran out of steam—and the race was still up front, where Jewel's Reward was faltering but Tim Tam was steadily closing on Lincoln Road. At the wire, it was Tim Tam by half a length. Lincoln Road, hanging on gamely, was second. Nouraddin, a fast-finishing long shot, was third. Silky was a sad twelfth. The red comet from California had fizzled out in the gaudy glare of the Derby. The hangover from the carnival still belonged to a brief, bright legend; the real horse race and the regal \$118,000 went to the best horse.

In recent years, betting against the devil's-red-and-blue of Calumet Farm has proved a losing business. With Plain Ben Jones and his son Jimmy to handle her horses, Calumet Owner Mrs. Gene Markey can practically claim squatters' rights on the special Derby winner's circle at Churchill Downs.

Tim Tam was the seventh Calumet colt to come home first in the "Run for the Roses," the third since Mrs. Markey inherited the farm from her first husband, the late baking-powder heir, Warren Wright. And Plain Ben Jones has even one more Derby winner than that: he trained the great Lawrin for Kansas City Clothing Merchant Herbert Woolf back in 1928.

Time was when Calumet specialized in standard-bred harness horses. But when Warren Wright took over from his father, he reformed the famous bluegrass farm. He sold all the wagon ponies and began to buy the best thoroughbred brood mares

"No, no, Doc—mermaids don't have legs"



Our trained observers have discovered that in 1957 more low-handicap women golfers played Titleist than ever before. Titleists, like all Acushnet balls, are sold through golf course pro shops only.



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TIM TAM WINNING DERBY AS SILKY SULLIVAN (ARROW) TRAILS
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he could find. Only ten years later, in 1941, Calumet sent its first champion to the races—Whirlaway won the Derby, went on to take the Preakness and the Belmont to complete the Triple Crown. After that came Pensive (1944), Citation, also a Triple Crown winner (1948), Ponder (1949), Hill Gail (1952) and Iron Liege (1957).

Happily for horse racing, when Warren Wright died in 1950 his widow decided that Calumet must carry on. It is a \$900,000-a-year responsibility, but with Plain Ben and Jimmy to help, it has remained a good investment. Such horses as Tim Tam have been the payoff on the Jones boys' training skills. As a two-year-old, Tim Tam ran only once; Jimmy wanted him to fill out, to learn the fundamentals of racing before he was really pushed. This winter, in the Florida campaign, the colt was worked into condition, "stretched out" to slowly increasing distances until he was ready for the classic mile-and-a-quarter of the Derby.

In the 30 years since she saw her first race, Mrs. Markey has rarely missed a Derby. But last week she came down with pneumonia, had to watch the race on a television set installed in her bedroom in the big mansion outside Lexington.

Old Breed

Archibald Lee Moore, light-heavyweight champion of the world, kept the transcontinental call properly terse. "You wanna fight Willi Besmanoff in Louisville the night before the Derby?" asked Archie's manager in New York. "How much?" asked Archie in San Diego. "Ten thousand," said Archie. "I'll be there."

One of the old breed of journeyman fighters, proud of his trade, Old Archie (41 going on 44) is always in shape, always ready to throw punches for pay. So last week he simply packed his bag, flew to Louisville and on Derby Eve treated a race-wise crowd to a professional demonstration of ring-wise skill. Archie's snappy little imperial stayed trim as a movie star's toupee while he gave young (25) Besmanoff a painful ten-round boxing lesson. He won the decision handily.

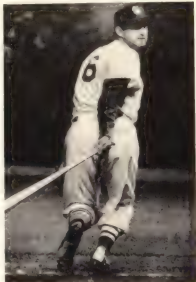
But if the fans were satisfied, Archie was disappointed. A knockout would have given the old battler a lifetime total of 127 K.O.s, would have made him boxing's undisputed K.O. champ. It is a title he deserves. Young Stribling, a heavyweight who also claimed 126 knockouts, swelled his total by touring tank towns in the '20s and flattening the local champions. Archie has taken on all comers at all weights, from Europe to Australia.

Archie cannot even think of the names of all the men he still has plans to fight. "I got to leave for Vancouver in the morning to get ready for whatsisname—that German," he announced. "I'm taking off weight so I can fight either Patterson for the heavyweight championship or Ray Robinson for my title. I'll get that knockout record soon. And I'm going to run it up 50 high that no one will ever beat it."

Old Pro

The catcher flashed a signal and stuck up his mitt—a fat target. The pitcher frowned moodily and began his windup—a reluctant marksman. All evening, Cincinnati's big righthander, Brooks Lawrence, had been firing successfully past the St. Louis Cardinals. Now he seemed ready to throw and duck. And he had reason. Coiled in the batter's box was Stan ("The Man") Musial, the indestructible old pro whose potent bat has been tormenting National League pitchers ever since his rookie season with St. Louis 18 summers ago.

Lawrence threw. The Man swung. The ball got past Redleg First Baseman



Bat swings—St. Louis Globe-Democrat
CARD'S STAN MUSIAL

He looks before he swings.

George Crowe for a sharp single. For St. Louis fans, it did not seem to matter that the Cards were in the process of losing another game (7-3), that they lay moulted and mute in the cellar of the league. Stanley Frank Musial had hit in 14 consecutive games; he had pushed his lifetime total of hits to 2,086. Time might catch up with him before he came close to Ty Cobb's far-off collection of 4,191 hits. But this week, barring injury, he should join the select company of six other major leaguers who have broken past 3,000.*

No Secret. The ease with which Stan does his slugging makes him the envy of every batter in the league. No "guess hitter" who tries to anticipate a pitcher's plans and prepare his swing in advance, Stan boasts a set of split-second reflexes that allow him to wait until a ball is halfway to the plate before he commits himself. Though reflexes and muscles are both 37 years old, they are still good.

* Fris Speaker, 3,515; Honus Wagner, 3,430; Eddie Collins, 3,353; Nap Lajoie, 3,251; Paul Waner, 3,152; Cap Anson, 3,081.



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enough to enable Stan to belt baseballs at the remarkable early-season clip of .509—good enough to lead both leagues. He has already broken the National League endurance mark with 895 consecutive games, boasts the highest lifetime slugging average (.580) in the league, has moved up to fourth among major leaguers in total bases (behind Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth and Tris Speaker).

Never Enough. "Baseball," says Stan, "is a game you can play as long as you still have two things desire and the ability to concentrate. Concentration comes hardest of all. The effect on the nervous system is cumulative. At the end of every game I'm beat."

A few seasons ago, at the tag end of one of those strength-sapping St. Louis summers, Stan toyed with the restless notion of quitting after he rapped out his 3,000th. Now he knows better. Stepping up to the plate and swinging free—not for fence-busting homers but for those record-breaking base hits—is a steady satisfaction for the part-time banker and restaurateur who no longer needs the \$100,000 salary that makes him the highest paid player in National League history. "Getting tired," says Stan, "is like a man getting hold of all the money he wants. It never seems to happen."

Scoreboard

□ Sprinting back as though possessed, the outfielder grabbed the fly ball on the dead run—and disappeared into the nearby woods. While the robbed slugger whooped with delight and the stands cheered, bewildered prison guards tardily set out in chase. But fleet-footed Center-fielder Ronald Mules (larceny, breaking and entering), had broken up the ball game and broken clean away from the Concord, Mass. prison farm.

□ Casually upping the heat to a fast 36 for the final drive, Yale's power-stroking crew, built around three veterans of the 1956 Olympic winners, defeated Pennsylvania by 2½ lengths in the 27th Blackwell Cup on the rain-flattened Harlem River. On Carnegie Lake, rowing with five sophomores in the shell, Harvard won the 22nd Compton Cup by 2½ lengths over Princeton in record time, raising the probability that the traditional Yale-Harvard race in New London next month will be a keel-hauler for both crews and will settle the championship of the east.

□ Beating to windward in light air, American Skipper Warner Wilcox eased his sleek, 33-ft. International Class ship into a commanding lead, finished well ahead in the last of seven races to lead his team to victory over the Bermudians for the 51-year-old Amorita Cup, grand prize of Bermuda Race Week.

□ A bare three weeks after he directed his St. Louis Hawks to an upset victory over the Boston Celtics for the N.B.A. championship, Coach Alex Hannum abruptly announced that he was quitting the club. Reported cause of the break: the penny ante salary of \$10,000 offered by terrible-tempered Hawks Owner Ben Kerner.



WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING on the function of government

The office of government is not to confer happiness, but to give men opportunity to work out happiness for themselves.

(The Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte, 1827-1828)



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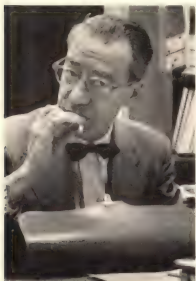
Headline of the Week

In the New York Herald Tribune:

COUPLE WITH \$60,000 A YEAR
ENJOY LIFE 'TREMENDOUSLY'

The Fact Finder

For his solidly researched series on desegregation problems in the *Saturday Evening Post*, Freelance Newsman John Bartlow Martin, 42, last week won the University of Illinois' Benjamin Franklin Magazine Award "for distinguished writing, involving original reporting in which serious obstacles had to be overcome." It was his fourth Franklin Award in five



Art Shay

NEWSMAN MARTIN

"Society really doesn't work well."

years—a record unmatched by any other writer.*

Martin's style is unpretentious, but as a fact finder he has few peers. Armed with a tiny Olivetti typewriter, a briefcase full of timetables, and a single suitcase, Martin spent 2½ months on the segregation story, patiently persuading his sources—black and white alike—that he was neither a crusader nor a critic, spent three days in Summerton, S.C., convincing the head of the Citizens' Council that he just wanted to get the Council's side of the story. Back in his nine-room Victorian house in the Chicago suburb of Highland Park, Martin took another four months to write his series. He ground no personal ax, pleaded no man's cause, contented himself with a dispassionate report entitled *The Deep South Says "Never."*

Martin graduated from DePauw (Ind.)

* Martin's previous winning stories, all in the *Saturday Evening Post*: *The Riot at Jackson Prison*, in 1955; the first year of the award; a four-part series on Nathan Leopold, in 1955; *Inside the Asylum*, an expose of mental hospitals in 1956.



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DUFF GORDON



REPORTER JÄMSÄ: BURIED ALIVE, ON BALTIC ICE, AS BEAUTY QUEEN
Also slashed by a bear, fazed by a babe.

University in 1937, was only a cub reporter on the Indianapolis *Times* when he cracked the freelance market with a \$1 to sale to the old *Ken* for an article on Dictator Trujillo of the Dominican Republic. After 20 years in the business, Martin can now pick his subjects and markets, draws top rates (\$15,000 for the desegregation pieces). Meticulous and unhurried, he often writes first drafts 1,000 pages long, delights in the freedom of freelancing that has driven many another writer back to the certainty of the payroll. Says he: "I resist the bigness that's coming to the magazine field. I'm a 19th century man." In 1952 Democrat Martin wrote a campaign biography of Adlai Stevenson: in 1956 he was a Stevenson staff writer.

A friendly analyst of his native Midwest, Newsman Martin has turned his fact finding into eight books, but flopped the one time he tried a novel. (The publisher sent him a one-sentence comment: "You had better stick to nonfiction.") Says Martin: "I've always been interested in the individual human being and what happens to him in a society that really doesn't work as well as it should. I think that's the common denominator of my work. Sounds kind of pretentious, but I think it's so."

More of the Same

Professionally one of the most waspish of men, Columnist Drew Pearson is privately capable of wryly humorous self-assessment. Last week at the entrance to his 450-acre farm outside Rockville, Md., Farmer Pearson had posted a large sign to attract prospective customers:

DREW PEARSON'S
BEST MANURE
BETTER THAN THE COLUMN

Fearless Finn

The reporter was right on top of the news. Just a long swipe away on the four-year-old female bear he planned to wrestle for his story. Holding the bear's halter, 29-year-old Matti Jämsä last week

got his news source to nibble some sugar from his palm. But when Jämsä lunged forward to wrestle, the startled bear fouled him by clawing two gashes from the corner of his right eye down his cheek. Blinded by blood, Jämsä was led from the ring a beaten man. Said he: "I realized that this was not such a small bear as I thought. The bear won. But I got my story."

Through such spectacular stunts, bear-baiting, beret-topped Newsman Jämsä (pronounced Yamsä) has got the stories that have helped the picture weekly *Apu* to achieve the largest magazine circulation (230,000) in Finland. In the course of his reporting chores, Jämsä has charmed a cobra, parachuted from 13,000 ft., tamed a lion, dived in a frogman's gear to a dangerous depth of 200 ft., and was stopped only by open water in an attempt to ski across the Baltic Sea from Finland to Sweden. Other Jämsä stunts:

¶ To learn how to get out of a car under water (Finns like to drive on their frozen lakes, and dozens are drowned annually when their cars fall through thin ice), Jämsä drove a car, with its windows closed, off a ramp at 40 m.p.h. into 24 ft. of water, nearly panicked when a seat came loose and pinned him for a moment. But he found a layer of air under the roof, waited until the car filled with enough water to offset outside pressure, then opened the door and floated to safety.

¶ Matched against Jämsä in a contest to see who could stay buried alive longer in a coffin, a Finnish fakir was dug up in hysterics after 21 hours, subsequently gave up fakery. Jämsä stayed down for 50 hours, showed no ill effects other than a determination never to try it again.

¶ Weary of beauty-guest contests, Jämsä strapped on a corset, fluffed up his flowing, brown hair, and entered himself in the annual Maid of the North contest in Rovaniemi, capital of Finnish Lapland. "I didn't drink then, was much slimmer, and managed to turn out really quite a beautiful face," recalls Jämsä. Well padded, he looked fine in the required

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By a Wall Street Journal
Subscriber

Not long ago I spent some time with some chaps who were having a "brainstorm"—a talkfest where each man contributes ideas.

The subject of this particular discussion was MONEY! One man in the group earned more than all the rest of us. He gave us some wonderful ideas. Among other things, he said, "Subscribe to The Wall Street Journal. It will help you get ahead." Well, to make a long story short, I tried it and IT DID. Within a short time, my income was up to \$250 a week.

This story is typical. The Journal is a wonderful aid to men making \$7,000 to \$20,000 a year. To assure speedy delivery to you anywhere in the U.S., The Journal is printed daily in five cities—New York, Washington, Chicago, Dallas and San Francisco.

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Finnish national costume and evening dress, got through an interview with the judges by pleading hoarseness and hiding his hands under net gloves. The judges gave him third prize. Jämsä promptly mounted the orchestra platform, beckoned for silence, then whipped out his falsetto and wowed them triumphantly in the air. The contest has not been held since.

"See It Through." Son of a Turku railway-station official, Jämsä never did get to high school, began making news in his first reporting job on a provincial newspaper—he strapped on skis and ran

an elk to exhaustion. Since 1953 he has averaged a story a week for *Apu*, often has his exploits reported in the Scandinavian and northern German press. One future assignment: hunting a bear with a spear (to prove that modern Finns are as strong as their ancestors).

The only time Daredevil Jämsä has been known to falter was when he photographed the birth of his first child. When he turned woody in the delivery room, a doctor snapped at him: "You wanted to come, and now you can damned well stay and see it through." He stayed.

THE THEATER

New Plays in Manhattan

Jane Eyre, the novel, was always faintly absurd and decidedly lurid. But to a story bordering on trash, Charlotte Brontë brought storytelling bordering on genius. Told by uncouth, buffeted, orphanage-bred Jane herself—who comes as governess to Thornfield Hall, where the Byronic Mr. Rochester has a mad wife hidden away—*Jane Eyre* advances, in a rush of words, with a beat of real emotion.

A. & P. Heir Huntington Hartford's stage adaptation is *Jane Eyre* virtually without Jane, and chunks of the story with no hint of the storytelling. Everything stagiest about the book—the gruffly romantic hero, the pastboard aristocrats, the burning of Thornfield, the blinding of Rochester—has been transferred to the stage; what results, not unnaturally, suggests the stage of 1870. Everything personally intense and imaginative has vanished; something crucial—the time element that shapes crises and aids credibility—has been destroyed. For an act, as the emotional furniture is set in place in Designer Ben Edwards' gloomy, fan-vaulted hall, Eric Portman—playing Rochester in the manner of a wholly masculine Tallulah Bankhead—wards off collapse. But Jan Brooks is never Jane. Adapter Hartford's hand is never skilled, and things more and more creak till what goes up, quite melodramatically in smoke, is not so much Thornfield Hall as a mass of theatrical deadwood.

The Firstborn (by Christopher Fry), begun in 1938, was first staged in 1948 at the Edinburgh Festival. A stiffly earnest play, it is laid in Egypt and centered in Moses. With the Pharaoh persecuting the Jews, a Moses already estranged from the palace of his upbringing turns wholly to the people of his birth. In the conflict, Pharaoh's young son Rameses sympathizes with the oppressed; but when the firstborn in every Egyptian family is struck down, the humane royal firstborn perishes with the rest.

The cry at the end is the classic one over "the bewildering mesh of God." over who the innocent must suffer with the guilty, how leaders must move forward stricken with guilt. It is a searching enough theme to build a play around,



QUAYLE & CORNELL
Suffocating in arabesques.

though scarcely a key theme for a play about Moses. But the real trouble is that Fry offers so little to build with—neither real dramatic bricks nor real psychological stones, only philosophic shards and ethical bits of glass. A story that, told as vivid theater, might blaze with Biblical fire, seems quite unwarmed. A story that, recounted as high drama, might seem grandly severe, seems elaborately hollow. Set against the Moses of Michelangelo, Fry's Moses seems solemnly carved out of soap.

If, despite graphic moments, *The Firstborn* is a lifeless failure, it is less that Fry had not yet acquired a rhetoric than that he had misapplied it. His literary conceits, his verbal arabesques suffocate anything truly alive. Half don, half dandy, Fry was to find himself in mannerism rather than substance, in the mocking wink rather than the observing eye. Despite Katharine Cornell's regal efforts as Pharaoh's sister, or trumpet-voiced Anthony Quayle's as Moses, the Egypt of *The Firstborn* is mummified. Only Boris Aronson's sets evoke something once living and still large.



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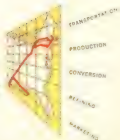


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The Big Picture

The insatiable appetite of Western Europeans for television has made one major contribution to a united Europe. Electronics, respecting no borders, has spawned a loose-knit TV network that links—through a system of coaxial cables and microwave relays—all the non-Communist countries of Europe except Spain, Portugal, Norway and Finland.

Called Eurovision, the international hookup was born in 1950. Individual countries can arrange for transmission of special events. For example, if a championship Italian soccer team goes to play in Britain, the Italian stations can arrange for a telecast, usually send an Italian announcer to provide the on-the-spot commentary.

The Brussels World's Fair has brought Eurovision's busiest beaming so far. A broadcast of the mid-April opening-day ceremonies was seen by an estimated 30 million in twelve countries, was described by announcers in six languages. This week, from the fair, Eurovision will crack the language barrier by telecasting a pictorial quiz game intelligible to all viewers. Though direct telecasting between Soviet Russia and Eurovision countries is not yet possible, Eurovision breached the Iron Curtain last month when Czechoslovakia and Hungary were hooked into the network.

The video boom is far more than Europe-wide. At latest count, the U.S. Information Agency reports a total of 417 TV stations and 15.5 million receivers in operation in the free world overseas (i.e., exclusive of the U.S. and Canada). By year's end, estimates the UNIA, headlong expansion will push the figures to 537 stations and 25 million receiving sets. In the Communist bloc, television is burgeoning almost as rapidly. Red countries are now estimated to have 87 stations, are expected to add 28 more during 1958; they have nearly 3,000,000 receivers in use.

Though there are still some vast TV blanks in heavily populated parts of the

TV & RADIO

world (see map)—notably India, China and southern Africa—antennas are sprouting in unlikely places. A considerable number (27) of stations have been erected by the U.S. armed forces for the families of military personnel attached to air and naval bases, or military advisory groups in far-flung areas. Though their programs are almost entirely old films or filmed shows from the U.S., the natives have rushed to buy sets for themselves, even when they know no English. After an armed forces transmitter went up at Asmara in Eritrea, Americans found their opposite numbers coming to them with a familiar complaint: the children were neglecting their homework and skipping meals because it was impossible to drag them away from the great grey tube.

Decline & Fall

Two of television's oldest live dramatic shows were consigned to oblivion last week. Both Kraft TV Theater and Westinghouse's Studio One announced that they were giving up at the end of the present season.

Their demise capped a long decline for

TV's live weekly dramas, a once flourishing genre. Philco-Goodyear TV Playhouse and Robert Montgomery Presents have long since preceded them into the long, unsponsored night. Like the others, Kraft and Studio One have both been in a long slide downward; both have been subjected to recent, last-gasp transfusions; neither revived. Studio One will be replaced by Desilu Playhouse, a series of 48 hour-long films produced in Hollywood by Desi Arnaz. Westinghouse paid \$11 million for the package, claimed to be the largest single deal in TV history. Kraft will cut down to half an hour, which will be occupied by Comedian Milton Berle—his first steady job on television since 1956.

In earlier days, the live weeklies were TV's equivalent of a combined experimental and stock theater. They featured original scripts, played by able and often unknown actors. But the shows were expensive. Filmed shows could hope for reruns, allow mistakes to be corrected, could be produced more conveniently in Hollywood, where sets did not have to be struck within minutes to make room for the next show. Most important, originality proved hard to sustain at a high level, week in and week out; for every Marty, Patterns or Twelve Angry Men, there were a score of workaday playlets of no notable distinction.

Increasingly, sponsors (and viewers) have turned to the bigger, more lavish, monthly shows, which can afford better scripts, hire more expensive directors, afford big-name stars. The spectaculars are increasing in number, and, at their best, have mounted shows that the weeklies cannot match. As for their worst, TV is discovering what Hollywood has long known: if viewers must watch a second-rate drama, they would rather watch name stars playing it.

* Sid Caesar, Berle's successor as king of the TV comedians, was faring less well. Reunited early this year with Imogene Coca, Caesar tried a comeback on ABC, ran into the heavy opposition of the *Dinah Shore Show* on NBC. Last week Sponsor Helena Rubinstein announced that she would drop him at month's end.



COMEDIAN BERLE (1949)
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Grimaces Against the Clock

Without pretense but with much nonsense, Mike Stokey's eleven-year-old *Pantomime Quiz* has long been the undisputed king of summer replacements. Last month *Pantomime Quiz* returned with a new, 22-week contract as a regular on the ABC network (Tues. 9:30 p.m. E.D.S.T.).

Derived from the old parlor game of charades (TIME, July 20), emceed by Stokey himself and setting some top comedians (Carol Burnett, Stubby Kaye, Milt Kamen) against each other in two teams of four, the unrehearsed *Pantomime* cackles and crackles with a spontaneous hilarity all too rare in TV's over-elaborated game shows. Racing against the clock, each team member in turn tries to convey a sentence or gag (Sample: "The tramp who fell asleep on the oven woke up a hot cross bun") to the others, using grimaces, pantomime and ingenuity.

The contestants themselves often get carried away. Two weeks ago, overly frustrated when his team failed to decipher his passionate gyrations, Tom Poston let slip a heart-felt "God damn it," later dropped to his knees and pleaded forgiveness (viewers forgave, 100 to 1).

Lady with the Answers

The most familiar symbols of this TV season are a six-shooter and the grimacing face of the quizzing as he gropes and rummages through his mental stuffings for lucrative answers. The most celebrated face of the moment belongs to *Twenty One*'s crop-haired Elfrida von Nardroff, 32. Last week she screwed up her features, gazed characteristically at a top corner of her glass case (to avoid seeing her own worried reflection), answered a stickler on 18th century English history.* With that, Elfrida reached 21 points, won the game, and 1) pushed her winnings to \$146,000 to become the new alltime female quiz champion, 2) broke the *Twenty One* record of Quiz Wizard Charles Van Doren (TIME, Feb. 11, 1957), who reached a high of \$143,000 before slipping back to a \$129,000 final take-home.

Neither scholar, mnemonic freak nor gambler, Elfrida has hit the top in what is still the most demanding and sophisticated of all quiz shows. She still could lose all if (very unlikely) she tied in 14 games and then crashed in a 21-0 defeat. Boning up for *Twenty One* ever since she got on its stand-by list last July ("I read atlases, memorizing capitals, rivers, all kinds of things"), Elfrida left her well-paid job as personnel manager of the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants when she really got rolling on the show in



Martha Helms

ELFRIDA VON NARDROFF
Atlases, capitals, all kinds of things.

March. The daughter of a Columbia physics professor, Elfrida forthrightly explains her agonized look in the isolation booth: "I've always had this kind of face, frowning and squinting. I'm not hamming."

Elfrida, who shares a Brooklyn apartment with a lady anthropologist, could save about \$20,000 in taxes by marrying this year, but she has no immediate plans for putting money ahead of love. She plans to use her earnings to take three years off and get a Ph.D. in psychology. Trouble is that she cannot collect a penny of her winnings until she quits. At the moment she is broke, last week borrowed \$500 from her mother to keep going.

That Tears It

U.S. audiences have become numbed, but last week a Canadian eavesdropper on U.S. television looked hard and loosed a cry of outrage. "I never thought I'd live to see the day when a charming, unidentified, beautifully gowned woman would stand in the corner of my living room tearing toilet tissue," complained Vancouver *Province's* Columnist Eric Nicol last week. He had tuned in on Seattle's Station KOMO just in time to see the commercial for Delsey tissue during the NBC Perry Como show.

Explained Nicol shakily: "We have this madonna of the tissue, throatily advising us that there is no waste as she plucks two pieces apart. We wait in vain for her to produce a comb and give us a musical selection. It becomes clear that her purpose is not artistic but utilitarian."

"In the past, the great arts, such as poetry and music, have attempted to be transcendent, carrying us out of ourselves for communion with something exalted and splendid. But not television. Every few minutes television reminds us that we are one with the brutes, the slaves of body processes, and ever prone to topple back into the primordial ooze."

* Question: The man regarded as the first Prime Minister of England came into office in 1217. He served under a King who was the first member of his family to rule in England. This Prime Minister remained in office for over 40 years, and his party retained power for over 40 years. Tell: 1) the name of this Prime Minister, 2) the name of his party, 3) the name of the King of England when this Prime Minister took office, 4) the name of the royal family to which he belonged. Answers: 1) Robert Walpole, 2) Whigs, 3) George I, 4) Hanover.

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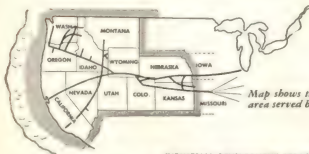
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MILESTONES

Born. To Gregory Peck, 42, cinemactor, and Veronique Passani Peck, 36, onetime French reporter: a first daughter, second child (he has three sons by a previous marriage); in Santa Monica, Calif. Name: Cecilia. Weight: 6 lbs. \$ 02.

Married. Josepha Heifetz, 27, concert pianist, daughter of Violinist Jascha Heifetz; and Robert Byrne, 27, editor of *Western Construction*, a San Francisco engineering trade magazine; in San Francisco.

Died. Oscar Torp, 64, President of the Norwegian Storting (Parliament), onetime (1951-55) Prime Minister, who disapproved Norway's traditional neutrality, influenced its decision to join NATO; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Oslo.

Died. William E. Rappard, 75, economist, Manhattan-born founder and director (until 1955) of the Graduate Institute of International Studies at the University of Geneva, Switzerland's observer at the Paris Peace Conference, who was instrumental in bringing the League of Nations to Geneva, became first director of the League's Mandates Section; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Geneva.

Died. Alvan Tufts Fuller, 80, onetime (1925-29) Republican governor of Massachusetts, who backed up the state judiciary, decided not to delay the electrocution of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti beyond Aug. 23, 1927; in Boston. A wealthy auto dealer (Packard) and onetime (1917-21) U.S. Congressman, Fuller was beset by pressure from near and far to intervene in behalf of the condemned men. After he appointed a committee headed by Harvard President A. Lawrence Lowell, which reviewed all testimony and supported the jury's decision that Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty of murder, the *New York Times* editorialized that "the condemned have had every opportunity which the law affords." Nonetheless, agitators charged that Millionaire Fuller and Brahmin Lowell were predisposed against the immigrant, anarchist Italians. On completion of his second term, Fuller—who never cashed a paycheck as Congressman or governor—returned to his business, became noted in Boston as a patron of arts and music.

Died. John Shaffer Phipps, 83, financier, lawyer, polo player and father of polo players, lavish traveler (he once hired a private, nine-car train—three for ponies, three for people, three for baggage—for a trip to Florida, also took more than 100 trunks on a European voyage), owner of race horses (Parnassus, Level Lea); in Palm Beach, Fla. Son of Andrew Carnegie's partner Henry Phipps, and uncle of Polignac Winston Guest, John Phipps was a director of U.S. Steel Corp., W. R. Grace & Co., the Hanover Bank.

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Ransom Harvest

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Courtesy and a decorous spirit—as well as immense poetic acuity—are what Ransom's followers praise him for, and he began early to collect followers. As a young instructor at Tennessee's Vanderbilt University in the early '20s, he became a founder and chief literary exhibit of a band of Southern poets (Allen Tate, Robert Penn Warren, *et al.*) called the Fugitives. A few years older than the others, Ransom led the flight of the Fugitives—from the strictures of the machine age, they explained, to the rural virtue of Southern soil—but not to Southern romanticism, which Ransom roasted to a clinker. Wrote Tate later: "Gently and always implicitly, [he] referred our young aberrations of mind and manners to an order of courtesy above us all . . . He has kept before us the example of a classically educated intelligence . . . He is one of the first poets in any language." Ransom has written poetry, one critic remarked admiringly, about "everything from Armageddon to a dead hen"; his language is quiet but barbed. Of a dead lady he wrote:

Here lies a lady of beauty and high degree,
Of chills and fever she died, of fever and chills,
The delight of her husband, her aunt, an infant of three,
And of medicos marveling sweetly on her ills.

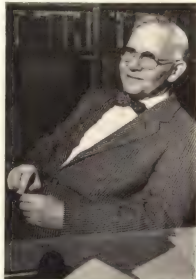
Of a live mutt:
Behold! again the ubiquitous hairy dog,
Like a numerous army rattling the battlefronts
With shout, though it is but his monologue,
With a lion's courage and a bee's virulence
Though he is but one dog.

New Criticism. In 1937 Ransom went to tiny, oak-sheltered Kenyon College (enrollment 500) in Gambier, Ohio. Next month, a few weeks after his 70th birthday, he will retire from teaching. In the 21-year interval Kenyon has become a focus of literary ferment rivaled by few campuses.

In 1939 Ransom founded the *Kenyon Review*, one of the nation's best and healthiest literary quarterlies, used it to develop a new idea for literary criticism. Main tenet of the New Criticism, of

which Ransom has been a principal architect: hard analysis of text and texture. When the hard analysis has threatened to degenerate into the myopic picking of microscopic nits, Ransom has kept his perspective, helped the pedants to regain theirs. Among the students and faculty members who have studied and taught at Kenyon: Poet Robert Lowell (*Lord Weary's Castle*), Poet Randall Jarrell, Novelist Robie Macaulay (*The Disguises of Love*).

New Angles. Ransom will edit the *Kenyon Review* for another year, then turn it over to 38-year-old Macaulay (Poet



Richard E. Gurnett

POET RANSOM

Courtliness and edged eloquence.

Edgar Bogardus, 30, became managing editor last month). Editor Ransom and Protégé Macaulay agree on changes: both want more poetry and fiction, fewer critical pieces. Ransom will continue to write criticism, plans at least "a book or two." Last week at Kenyon he made an assessment of U.S. letters: "I have the feeling that every creative epoch is followed by an age of criticism. We are in that age. It is a happy time. In explaining the new literature, critics discover new angles and are led to reappraise old literature. We are all engaged in rereading. For the first time, we have come of age in American literature."

The Language Merchants

If a U.S. citizen happens to have been born of immigrant parents, chances are he can season his speech with the salt-and-pepper words of a foreign language—although his children probably cannot. Otherwise, the odds are that he regards linguistic skill as one of the arcane arts. If he attended college, it is likely that his conviction was merely deepened; he may have won passing marks in French or Ger-

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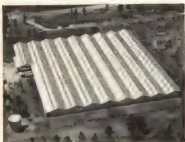


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man, but he probably cannot boast of it in either language.

For 80 years a firm of language merchants has sold monolingual Americans what most U.S. high schools and colleges do not give—the conversational skill to haggle with a foreign hackie, wrangle with a waiter, or, as has been necessary more than once, the ability to ask directions to the U.S. embassy in the country to which the customer has just been appointed ambassador. Last week in Manhattan, President Robert Strumpfen-Darrie (some twelve languages) and Vice President Charles Berlitz (23 languages) of the Berlitz Schools of Languages, spoke happily of statistics: last year the firm grossed an estimated \$10 million from teach-yourself texts and records and from students in 32 language centers in the U.S. and its possessions (the 150-odd foreign Berlitz Schools are administered from Paris). In the last five years, largely because U.S. industries are sending foreign-bound employees to language schools in wholesale lots, registration at Berlitz has doubled.

Sanskrit & Papimento, Founder and household god of the language firm was Charles Berlitz' grandfather Maximilian (46 languages), who started his first school in 1878 in Providence, invented a teaching technique now referred to reverently as The Method. It consists chiefly of one precept: under no circumstances is anything but the language under study spoken in class. A corollary: for the first few lessons, all instruction is verbal—otherwise, Charles Berlitz explains, students tend to transpose pronunciation values in languages sharing the same alphabet.

Using Maximilian's system, Berlitz teachers can, and have, taught illiterate savages (Philippine Igorots, brought to the U.S. for the St. Louis Exposition of 1904) to speak English, and literate Americans to speak most of the world's tongues. Berlitz Schools in New York are prepared to teach 60 languages, last year taught 37. French is the most popular; Papimento—a Caribbean lingua franca of languages such as Dutch, Spanish, Hindustani—has not yet been requested; Sanskrit has been asked for, but not taught.

Intimate & Intemperate. Cost of moderate fluency: \$300 to \$500 for 60 to 100 hours of private instruction. The vocabulary taught is selected for the frequency with which words are used in conversation rather than in literature, which is the basis for most college word lists. Part of the course: a lesson in intimate and intemperate uses of language, Berlitz reasons that even a gentlemanly student ought to know that to call a Chinese a tortoise, for instance, is grounds for water torture.

Courses set up especially for industry get word lists tailored to the trade; Berlitz-drilled operatives for a large soup company prowled Italy, snooped out a formula for *minestrone* in fluent culinary Italian. Berlitz spends much of his time abroad, keeping an ear out for language changes, next week will be in Scandinavia plotting a new teach-yourself primer combining Danish, Norwegian and Swedish.



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TIME, MAY 12, 1958

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In Bronze & Marble

Sculpture can be—and lately has been—made from wire, welding rod, boiler plate, concrete, and wormy wood. Last week a pair of shows in Rome and Manhattan served to prove that bronze and marble also have possibilities.

In Rome's Palazzo Barberini, whimsical, Sicilian-born Emilio Greco, 44, winner of the top Italian sculpture award at the last Venice Biennale, showed 32 sculptures covering 20 years' work. To Sculptor Greco's delight, it was his newest work, three monumental bronze *Grand Bathers*, that had the critics (including famed Italian Sculptor Giacomo Manzù) singing his praises.

Gallerygoers who approach sculpture with high seriousness were put off at first by Greco's 7-ft., posturing *Bathers*, nude except for a Bikini with tight, binding bra. But Greco expects spectators to chuckle at the unexpected solemnity of their plump, vapid faces—while admiring their slender-legged charms. Says he, "They are comic figures, part of our society. They have participated in life; their participation is my theme."

At Manhattan's Knoedler Galleries are 29 sculptures with a vastly different intent. Paris Sculptor Etienne Hajdu, 50, born in Rumania of Hungarian parents, first approached his work under the inspiration of Abstractionists Fernand Léger and Brancusi. A wartime stint as a laborer in a Pyrenees marble quarry and an abrupt shift back to the position that "man is wonderful" gave him a new material and new goal.

The result is a series of thin marble cutouts, rubbed pebble-smooth, that sometimes suggest chic mannequin sil-

houettes, and sometimes ancient Gaulish coins. Hajdu also produces metal bas-reliefs, which he calls "orchestrations of light and shade," that bring to mind the pulsations of a Spanish dance or the interlocking vapor trails of high-flying jets. At best they reflect the inspiration he found in the art of ancient Mesopotamia, to create a world "real in facts but invented in forms."

Noble Pinup

It was 4:10 o'clock one afternoon last week, and the 14 members of the Selection Committee of Britain's Royal Academy were glumly having plum cake and tea to fortify themselves to go on judging the 9,944 entries for the yearly summer painting exhibition. By such reserved accolades as a grunt, a gently lifted hand and a muttered "Not too bad, what?" the committeemen had given a number of paintings the stature of D for doubtful, while marking the others X for rejected. Suddenly Academy President Charles Wheeler looked at a painting, put down his cup, summoned other committeemen to inspect the work "at once." To a man, they gave the painting an A*—an honor not awarded since "before our time," according to Academy Secretary Humphrey Brooke.

Reflecting the academy's staid taste for realism, the painting that interrupted tea is a fool-the-eye portrait of a pretty girl. The artist who painted it is a sometime photo-reconnaissance officer named John Merton. He sat his subject in a dentist's

* For acceptance (there are no intermediate grades). After the 14s have been separated from the Xs, another jury, the Hanging Committee, passes the final verdict, this year chose 1,493 of the 3,000 Ds.



SCULPTOR GRECO & "GRAND BATHER"

MOSAICS AT DAPHNI

SIX miles west of Athens, where once stood a temple to laurel-crowned Apollo, is the domed Monastery of Daphni, whose fine mosaics were neglected for 700 years and are now recognized as a peak of 12th century Byzantine art. The church, named for the Virgin of the Laurels (in Greek, Daphni), stands behind a screen of cypresses, and its walls conceal a violent history. Seized and partially rebuilt in 1204 by Frankish barons, it was in turn captured and burned by Moslem Turks in 1460. The building was used in the 19th century as a powder magazine, fort, police station and sheep pen.

That Daphni is a starred stop for travelers is to the credit of French Archaeologist Gabriel Millet, who in 1893 persuaded Greek authorities to save what remained of Daphni's mosaics. The ancient monastery is now a museum, and its mosaics, cleaned and repaired last year, can be seen in something approaching their original freshness (see color page).

Daphni's mosaic designers worked at a time when Byzantine artists, moving away from elongated and stylized forms, turned for suave beauty and expert molding to the long-ignored classic Greek models. The ar-

range of the mosaic murals, more than 60 in all, followed the traditional pattern, with the Virgin supreme in the apse, and prophets and saints on arches, vaults and niches. The apostles and bishops attending the Virgin Mary have the mien and carefully draped robes of the Greek philosophers. On one shell beneath the central dome the Angel of the Annunciation with classic countenance floats against a sky of gold. On the adjacent shell a note of nature observed, and of warmth and intimacy, warms the usually remote hieratic figures of the Nativity, and the manger animals, reduced to the size of toys, are almost playful.

Only when it came to the great scowling Pantocrator (Christ) who dominates the central dome did Daphni's artists desert their classic inspiration, revert to traditional Eastern models. As if they feared that the elegant style of their other mosaics would appear unseemly, Daphni's artists made the Pantocrator one of the most grim and overpowering figures to be found in all Byzantine art. Far from offending, Daphni's Pantocrator today often strikes critics as a welcome antidote to sentimentalized and saccharine images of Christ.



DAPHNI'S CHRIST



ARCHANGEL GABRIEL is part of badly damaged Annunciation scene in Byzantine monastery outside Athens.

Turks set the eleventh century church afire in 1460 in vain attempt to melt gold leaf from mosaic murals.

Photographic by Eric Suter



FRAGMENT of mosaic depicting death of Mary shows four Apostles, bishop, angel with covered hands witnessing ascent to heaven. Greek Orthodox believe Mary died at Gethsemane.

NATIVITY scene shows serene figure of Mary, with Joseph and bright-eyed Christ child in manger. Animals seem to talk happily of child's birth. Church, which has been restored, is now museum.



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PORTRAITIST MERTON'S LADY DALKEITH
An A for acceptance.

Camera Press—Fis

chair, made 100 three-dimensional photographs of her, worked 1,500 hours while playing Bach, Beethoven and Mozart on his hi-fi. The girl is Lady Dalkeith, 26, a former fashion model and daughter of a Scottish harrister. In 1953's fussiest British wedding, attended by Queen Elizabeth, Princess Margaret and 1,600 other guests, she married Margaret's front-running suitor, rangy, redheaded Walter Francis John Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Earl of Dalkeith, son of the eighth Duke of Buccleuch.

The meticulously drawn portrait shows Lady Dalkeith robed in pink, with matching nail polish, even has slivers of tin foil glittering among her painted diamonds. The academicians think that it illustrates their goal of acting "as a steadying influence on the haste or extravagance of innovators"—i.e., the pattern-conscious "kitchen sink" school of art. Lord Attlee found Merton's painting "awfully jolly," but art critics disdained it as mere "craftsmanship." Flooded with commissions, Merton rejoined: "I only paint beautiful women, children and angels."

Rich to Worcester

By all means, ruled the trustees, the Art Institute of Chicago should accept the traveling show of Amateur Winston Churchill's paintings (TIME, Feb. 10). No, growled Director Daniel Catton Rich, 54, "we do not show the work of amateurs unless they have been passed by professional juries." Rich won the debate; the Churchill exhibit (which last month drew a record 147,255 spectators at Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art) was turned down. Having dealt decisively with the threat of being overruled, Dan Rich last week coolly resigned.

Rich planned it that way all along. He has enjoyed his 31 years on the Art Institute's staff, 13 as director, but he has a

better job—which pays less. His new post: director of the Worcester (Mass.) Art Museum, the little dream museum that in 1954 won the late Francis Henry Taylor away from his job as director of Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum.

By uncompromising standards even at the cost of sharp criticism (e.g., the *Manchester Guardian* called his decision against Churchill "rather hoity-toity"), Rich has kept Chicago at the top of big league U.S. museums. He originated a score of important shows, most recently the exhibition of paintings by Pointillist Georges Seurat that was threatened by fire last month while on view at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art (bringing Rich to New York within six hours). By encouraging his curators to build up the museum's print, decorative arts and Oriental collections, by starting a photography section and by "sneaking in" a new department of primitive art, Rich has kept the Art Institute growing. But in the end he found himself overwhelmed by administrative detail that "was taking me far away from art."

In his new post, Indiana-born, University of Chicago- and Harvard-educated Dan Rich will have less than one-tenth the staff (133 v. 350) but three times as much leisure. Worcester's jewel-box museum, the best of its size in the country, with a choice selection of objects and paintings ranging from a 3,000 B.C. Sumerian stone figure to Renoir, Cézanne and Picasso will give Rich professional pride and satisfaction, plus the chance to work more closely with the community. He will be free to do his own research and "some polemic writing," notably on the need to show U.S. art abroad. He will also have three months a year for vacation or travel. Says he contentedly, "it looks like a very attractive vista."

ACQUIRING A GREEN THUMB

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Investing is much the same—the first plans and purchases, the periodic weeding out, the careful diversification. The important thing is *action*, doing instead of dreaming. Make a plan and then make a start—without delay.

The moral: If you want to rest in a bed of roses, you have to do more than just read seed catalogues.

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RELIGION

Divorce & Segregation

Delegates of the 850,000 Southern Presbyterians who call themselves the Presbyterian Church in the U.S. wrangled over two controversial issues at their 98th General Assembly last week in Charlotte, N.C. They took a new position on divorce, clung stubbornly to their stand against segregation.

By an overwhelming voice vote they approved a proposal to liberalize the denomination's rule on remarriage of the divorced. The present rule permits remarriage only of the innocent party to a divorce granted for desertion or adultery. The new recommendation sanctions divorce when "a marriage dies at the heart and the union becomes intolerable," and permits remarriage of any divorced person in whom "sufficient penitence for sin and failure is evident, and a firm purpose of, and endeavor after, Christian marriage is manifested." The new proposal is not yet church law; it must first be approved by three-fourths of the 83 presbyteries, then by next year's General Assembly.

Led by their newly elected Moderator, 55-year-old Insurance man Philip F. Howerton of Charlotte, N.C., the delegates defeated a scheme to use churches as schools to get around the U.S. Supreme Court's ruling against segregation in the public schools. They voted 288 to 124 against a well-organized minority drive to abolish the denomination's anti-segregation-minded Council on Christian Relations, then read into the record a ringing statement on race.

"The Christian conscience cannot rest content with any legal or compulsive arrangement that brands any people as inferior; which denies them the full right of citizenship on the ground of race, color

or social status; or which prevents them from developing to the fullest possible extent the potentialities with which they, as individuals, have been endowed by the Creator."

The Popsy's Padre

One of the best-attended movies in Paris last week was *Le Désert de Pigalle*, a sex-and-sob drama about a priest in plain clothes battling for the soul of a streetwalker. Many a homeward-bound member of the audience, hurrying along Montmartre's notorious Place Pigalle just a block from the theater, passed a pipe-pulling Parisian in a beret chatting with a prostitute without realizing that he was the movie's real-life model.

Père Rosi cherishes his anonymity. But to the painted popsies of the world's most famed red-light district, he is well known as Père Pigalle, and his phone number is carried in many a swinging handbag. The neon-lighted little night world of bars, nudity and clip joints is his mission field.

A Certain Comfort. When he entered the priesthood 30-odd years ago, Father Rosi joined a missionary order noted for its work among the Papuan Islanders—the *Congrégation du Sacré-Cœur d'Issoudun*. But instead of sending him forth to convert the heathen, his superiors appointed him mathematics professor at the order's *Collège de Thoisy*, of which he eventually became director.

One day in 1941 he was conducting a group of young hikers through the Chevreuse Valley when a pretty 17-year-old girl joined the party. "We had a long conversation," Father Rosi remembers. "She seemed lost, and I had the impression that I gave her a certain comfort. She asked to see me again." Six months and many talks later she told him that she was a prostitute. "Then she reformed her life. She is married now, lives in Africa, and is a courageous mother."

Father Rosi had become a missionary after all, and it was only a question of time before he had permission to shuck his soutane and go to work on the oldest profession. He never lectures his girls. "Moral strictures serve for nothing," he explains. "I am like a fisherman with his line—it is impossible to persuade the fish to bite; they must do that themselves if they like the bait. What is necessary is to give these women the consciousness of human dignity. Then one bright day they change their way of life themselves."

"Not at This Hour." Hundreds of whores (he refuses to number them) have taken Fisherman Rosi's saving bait. They meet him on the street or reach him by his secret phone number—unknown even to his superiors. A call brings him immediately to any woman who needs him.

Pimps, naturally, hate him. One tough character, who has since been murdered in an underworld row, threatened to kill him. Recalls Père Pigalle with a laugh: "His women disappeared. He got it into



FATHER ROSI.
A secret phone number.

his head that it was I who was taking them away. Imagine it—with my bald head and more than 70 years!" On another occasion two would-be assassins rang the priest's doorbell, pistols in hand. "I implored them: 'Not at this hour—you'll wake everybody up. Put your playthings away and come in if you like.' Finally, they each drank a bottle of wine and went to sleep on the table." But it has been six months since Father Rosi has been attacked. "Pimps aren't all as bad as the novels make out," he says mildly. "I know one who has changed his life and become a house painter."

Sunday on Thursday

"The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath," Jesus admonished the Pharisees. This week Boston's venerable Unitarian King's Chapel will begin an experiment that might shock more than Pharisees: repeating Sunday's service on Thursday night for churchgoers who would rather spend Sunday playing golf, painting, screens or driving bumper to bumper.

Said Minister Joseph Barth in announcing the new plan from the pulpit: "The church no longer dominates our Sunday activity or lack of it. Sunday is becoming the church's chief contribution to the long weekend. Why not, then, this spring, as not too radical a solution, extend Sunday morning worship opportunity into the week? Free the conscience of individuals for enjoyment of the long weekend by repeating the Sunday service and sermon the following Thursday night. In the spirit of Jesus, we might say: the sabbath was made for man—especially in New England in the springtime!"



MODERATOR HOWERTON
A restless conscience.



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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Betting on the Future

With a show of independence from the tribulations of the economy, the stock market last week climbed to a new high for the year, closing the week at 459.56 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, up 5 points for the week and 23 points above the year's low. The market was boosted by those who kept their eyes on a bright future, rather than the grey present.

Corporations continued to feel the bite of the recession in their first-quarter profits. U.S. Steel reported first-quarter earnings off 46% (\$1.04 a share v. last year's \$2.09), and Inland Steel was off 46% (\$1.40 a share v. \$2.59). Steel production was down to about 47% of capacity last week, only about half of last year's production for the same period. The fact that steel continued to show a worthwhile profit while operating so low was a strong tribute to the industry's efficiency.

But a few bright patches showed through the clouds. The Commerce Department announced that as of mid-April the number of jobless had dropped to 5,120,000, down 75,000 from the month before. It was the first drop since October, though less than seasonal. The Federal Reserve Board reported that department-store sales for the week ending April 25 were 4% above the same week last year—proof that the consumer has by no means lost his will to buy.

AUTOS

On the Slow Road

(See Cover)

At Hollywood's imperial-sized Palladium ballroom, 1,800 members of the Los Angeles Motor Car Dealers Association gathered for a \$5-a-plate breakfast and a lecture from one of the industry's top salesmen. After the ham and scrambled eggs, Chevrolet National Advertising Director William G. Power, as fervent a car salesman as ever lived, gave the dealers representing every U.S. make his considered opinion of the current state of the U.S. auto business. Said Bill Power, "Gentlemen, for 30 long years I've spent my life trying to kick hell out of Ford and Plymouth—and here we are all together. Brother, we're in trouble."

Detroit's trouble in 1958 is only too evident on the sales graphs. Last week's reports showed a slight upturn in the last ten days of April. But for the first four months of the year, the industry is down a crushing 33%—and there are few signs of the traditional spring upsurge. Across the nation, automaten frantically poured on the old-fashioned, hand-pumping hard sell, hurried themselves into door-to-door sales drives and marathon "cold turkey" tele-

phone campaigns. Chicago salesmen sported handkerchiefs hopefully—but falsely—embroidered "Business Is Good." In St. Louis, Milwaukee, Dallas, Atlanta, "You Auto Buy Now" campaigns assaulted the public pocketbook. With an assist from Chevy Salesman Power, New York dealers kicked off their campaign with Ringling Bros. circus acts at a monster Madison Square Garden rally. In Los Angeles, a parade of new cars led by a show girl in a pink, fur-trimmed Thunderbird implored everyone to buy, buy, buy. But the air was also filled with discordant notes. As the "You Buy" cavalcade rolled down Hollywood Boulevard, a motorist cruised up in a weary 1955 Chevrolet sedan that was equipped with a loudspeaker blaring angrily: "It's too late now! You're too far gone! Get your prices down! Get your prices down!"

"Hate-Autos Year." If prices are part of Detroit's trouble, they are far from all of it. For a nation on wheels, the plight of the auto industry is a matter of intense popular concern. Many a U.S. male prizes his auto above all other possessions—sometimes even his wife. Since there are 80 million drivers, there are 80 million experts on cars—and naturally, on the industry that produces them. Thus Detroit has become the center of a vast family argument. Everyone has something to say about the 1958 cars. Some of the charges are right on the beam; others are wildly exaggerated. President Eisenhower shot a

* Kenneth Wellner, president of the Auto Merchants Association at New York; George Ashdown, president of the Brooklyn and Long Island Auto Dealers Association.



John Rawlings

LOOK-ALIKES (LEFT TO RIGHT): MERCURY, BUICK, IMPERIAL, CONTINENTAL, PONTIAC, OLDSMOBILE, PACKARD

thinly veiled barb at the industry. Senator Estes Kefauver, no man to watch the votes go by, loudly proclaimed that he, for one, was not buying a car because everyone knew that prices are too high. Drivers who have never peeked under the hoods of their cars are sure they know precisely what ails Detroit.

Is there too much chrome? Or not enough? Are the fins too fabulous? Or just fishy? Everyone debates the case of the small car v. the big car, argues the merits of the U.S. car v. the invading import. There are gags for every occasion. At the sight of a new 1958 sidewalk humorist are solemnly asking, "Where do you put in the nickel to make it light up and play?" To Detroit, all this is as shocking as if a Saint Bernard had bitten a lost missionary. "This," said Ford Stylist George W. Walker sadly, "is 'Hate-Autos Year.'"

Some pet peeves.

Q "My real gripe," says Minneapolis Physician George Riley Martin, who swapped his 1954 Chevy for a small Simca, "is that American cars are getting too complicated. They're too full of gadgets that are always going wrong. My windshield wipers kept breaking, and they practically had to tear out the dashboard to get at the things. You're getting fins and chrome, and every time that you bash a fender a little bit, the whole side of the car has to be replaced."

Q "Small cars are just a phase," says Atlanta Medical Technician Jewell Mitchell, who drives a well-cared-for 1956 Cadillac. "They're not comfortable, and I'm afraid I'll wind up under somebody's front bumper. Why, the other day I saw a small foreign car with a sign saying: 'Don't run over me. I squash bugs.'"

Q "I think the new designs are beautiful," says Cleveland Housewife Hermogene Mott, who drives a 1958 Buick. "But one thing I will say about American cars is that they're too expensive. Those TV ads list a price that sounds reasonable. But by

the time they get through adding this and that, what you pay goes way over."

Q "Detroit isn't solving our problems—it's creating them," says San Francisco Social Worker Janet Pence, who recently retired her 1951 Hudson in favor of a pale blue Volkswagen. "When it became difficult to park downtown, we were greeted each year with a longer car. When the price of gas and oil went sky-high, we were asked to buy gas guzzlers. Well, we plan to become a two-car family soon, just as Detroit advises. But we're getting another Volkswagen."

Q "The automobile as a badge of success is fading out," says Chicago Sociologist Reuel Denney. "Too many people are wearing the badge, and it doesn't mean anything any more. The buyer also has the feeling that he's not getting enough out of it because of this obsolescence in styling. There's not enough rarity and not enough enjoyment."

Q "I don't particularly object to chrome and wild colors," says Alexander P. Gest Jr., president of the small Mitchell Oil Corp. in Mamaroneck, N.Y. "But the thing I can't stand is that you can't tell the present-day cars apart. They all look alike. I honestly can't tell a Plymouth from a Cadillac when they go by fast."

Three Frowns, One Smile. While the experts are having their say, auto sales are poking along at a rate of 1,200,000 units behind 1957's pace, and dealers have 300,000 unsold new cars on their hands. A few hardy optimists still talk of a 5,000,000-car year. But the industry's realists are prepared to settle for much less, possibly only 4,200,000 cars, thus making 1958 the worst since the steel-strike year of 1952.

With his own sales down 33% (for Ford) and 65% (for Mercury), Ford President Henry Ford II showed stockholders a first-quarter ledger with earnings off 77% to \$22.7 million. Chrysler Boss Lester Lum ("Tex") Colbert had to face up to a \$15.1 million loss—the biggest

Then & Now

FORD

1928	L. 12'-9"	H. 6'-0"	24 h.p.
1958	L. 17'-3"	H. 4'-8"	240 h.p.

CHEVROLET

1928	L. 13'-3"	H. 5'-11"	22 h.p.
1958	L. 17'-5"	H. 4'-8"	230 h.p.

PLYMOUTH

1929	L. 13'-7"	H. 5'-6"	45 h.p.
1958	L. 17'-1"	H. 4'-6"	250 h.p.

CADILLAC

1928	L. 17'-10"	H. 6'-4"	35 h.p.
1958	L. 18'-9"	H. 4'-10"	310 h.p.

TIME Diagram by R.M. Chapin Jr.

ever—with sales down 53%. Only General Motors President Harlow H. Curtice has anything to crow about. Chevy has bumped Ford out of the No. 1 spot; G.M.'s overall first-quarter sales were off only 11.6%, its earnings down 20.1% to \$185 million; G.M. cars, though down in volume, have captured another 5% of the market to boost the company's share back up to about 50%.

The one man with a big smile is American Motors President George Romney, whose boxy Rambler is the only U.S. entry in the small-car race and whose sales are racing ahead. Says Romney: "We are in the beginning phase of a real revolution in the automobile market. Finally, the big-car mentality has disintegrated." This week Romney pushed production up another 6% to put it 26% ahead of 1957. American's first-quarter sales were the greatest in its history (31,260 cars), and, after years of red ink, it reported a handsome \$2,380,895 profit. Yet Romney's gain puts little cake in Detroit's lunch basket. Some 84% of the industry's 807,000 workers are Big Three employees, and an estimated 450,000 are laid off; millions more workers in thousands of supplier plants spread across the entire U.S. economy are dependent upon the major auto companies.*

Strategy & Strikes. The ill wind has blown some good for the automakers. In labor relations, they have fewer problems than they had expected this year. At the start of negotiations for a new contract last month, Walter Reuther's United Auto Workers asked for a 35¢-an-hour wage package and tried a familiar whip-saw strategy to get it. The U.A.W. fired off contract termination notices to Ford and Chrysler but not to G.M., obviously hoped to force the two smaller companies to settle, then use the settlements to pressure G.M. into line. But when the industry formed a united front and showed no signs of giving in, Reuther was forced to modify his position. Last week, in a "four-part anti-recession campaign," he offered

* Detroit uses 17.4% of the nation's steel, 65% of its rubber, 70% of its plate glass, 33% of its radios.

Associated Press



RAMBLER'S ROMNEY

to extend the current contract for another three months while differences were worked out. Detroit's answer: a flat no. Said G.M.'s Curtice with a snort: "A transparent maneuver to stall negotiations until the 1959 model changeover."

What the automen offered instead was a two-year extension of the current contract, which would include an automatic annual wage boost of 7¢ an hour. Then, to emphasize its solidarity with the other companies and prevent whipsawing, G.M. pulled a surprise. It canceled its contract as of May 20. The move astounded and infuriated the U.A.W., which is now faced with an industry-wide shutdown if it strikes one of the companies, since all can refuse to operate without contracts. Roared Reuther: "They can't make us strike. We are not going to accommodate the industry by striking to deplete their inventories. I can assure you they are not going to get away with it." But chances are that the auto industry can get what it wants, thanks to the sales slump.

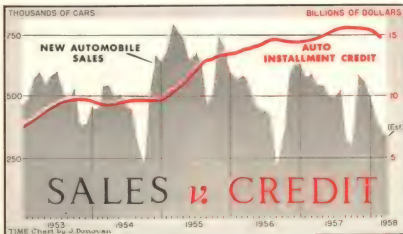
From Every Direction. What caused that slump? There is no one cause. A complex set of factors bore in on the industry—and hit it all at once.

The recession played a large role. Said G.M.'s "Red" Curtice: "The automobile industry did not cause this recession. It is a victim of it. The recession began six months before it got to us. It is historically the case that a small decline in gross national product produces a much sharper decline in automobile sales. This is true because the automobile is a postponable purchase. The modern car is built not for one but for two, three and four buyers. Most of the cars on the road have a large reserve of unused mileage. People are using up that reserve instead of committing themselves to a new car."

What happened to autos, say the manufacturers, is essentially the same thing that happened to other consumer durable goods such as refrigerators, home freezers, TV sets, home washers and dryers. All were riding the boom-time surge in consumer credit as families tried to catch up on buying held back by World War II and Korea. This year the buyers finally caught up. Autos, along with other big-ticket items, were bound to slow down as debt-burdened consumers decided to hold off and pay their bills. After increasing 23% in 1955, installment credit increased only 10% in 1956, another 7% last year. This year overall consumer credit has dropped sharply, and auto buyers are actually paying off more than they are borrowing for the first time since the 1954 recession.

Automen admit that they may have sold too hard in 1955's 7,200,000-car year, and borrowed too heavily from this year's market. They also feel that they made it easy to postpone getting a new car by producing cars more durable than ever. Since World War II, engineers have learned to build engines that run twice as long without an overhaul; brakes have twice the stopping power and twice (40,000 miles) the life; lights, springs, tires, steering, seats and upholstery are all vastly better. "It has become fashionable not to buy a car," says a G.M. salesman with some bitterness. "Then, to prove you are really rich, you find something wrong with all cars—maybe one word, 'Horrible.' That shows everybody you have good taste—and it conceals the real fact: you don't want to commit yourself to paying on a car for the next two years because you don't know if you will have a job next month."

Love That Chrome. Despite all the yawning about chrome and size, the experts scoff at the notion that Detroit's problem—or even a major part of it—is a mere matter of style. "This industry grew because we have made it our business to find out what people want," says a G.M. economist, noting that his company surveys 2,000,000 potential buyers each year. They are dissected for their likes and dislikes, like frogs in a laboratory. Thousands of lengthy questionnaires are sent out; microphones are hidden in new cars in showrooms to catch comments; salesmen carry wire recorders



tucked in their pockets. In fact, automakers have studied the public so carefully that they have inspired sociologists and motivational researchers to draw weighty—and often silly—conclusions about the U.S. public by merely studying their cars.

Dr. Ernest Dichter high priest of the motivational researchers, argues that convertibles are bought, not because buyers like fresh air and sunshine, but because somehow they regard the convertible as the mistress they dare not have. With equal solemnity, Sociologist David Riesman (in an article co-authored by Auto Expert Eric Laroche) proclaims that "many can safely sample the jet-age aura by having a design based on the Sabre jet—as the 1954 Plymouth. So, too, can the consumer be in tune with the future through his dashboard, which looks like an intergalactic control panel."

Whatever psychological forces are at work the trend ever since 1946 has been to longer, wider, more futuristic cars—and more chrome ("jewelry" to automen). Those who bucked the trend usually rued the day. Henry Kaiser's small, chromeless Henry J. was a dismal failure. So was the drab 1954 Plymouth, which was 4 in. shorter than the year before. Sales dropped nearly 36%, to only 381,000 cars a year. A year later Plymouth rolled out the longest (204 in.) car among the low-priced three—and promptly boosted sales back up to 647,000 cars.

This year's best seller among higher-priced cars is what the trade calls "the jewelry-box special"—Oldsmobile—with more chrome (44 lbs.) than any other car in history. Now fourth, it is pushing Plymouth for third place. Among the low-priced three, the fancy Chevrolet Impala and Ford Fairlane 500 outsell less chromy models by three to one. On Ford's custom line, there is a decorative gold-anodized-aluminum strip (along with an armrest and cigarette lighter) that costs \$70 extra; 76% of Ford's customers demand it on their cars. Says Ford Stylist Walker, "I fought so hard against chrome I nearly lost my job. But I was wrong, and the others were right. People can buy austerity any time they want to. They don't want to."

Nor do the people seem to be intensely interested in safety. Ford spent \$10 million trying to sell the public on padded dashboards, deep-dish steering wheels and safety belts; priced its equipment so low that in 1956 it lost money on each unit. Result, only 45% of its customers order crash padding, only 2% order both padding and seat belts.

A Matter of Prestige. One factor that automakers are not sure about is a shift in American living that is apparently changing the traditional role of the auto. Years ago the automobile was a national symbol of success. Everyone wanted a car, not only for transportation but also as a mark of prestige, and the bigger the car the better.

In recent years the industry has built so much prestige into the once low-priced three that it is no longer necessary to buy



ITALIAN FIATS BEING UNLOADED FROM ALL-AUTO SHIP AT BALTIMORE

Photos by Tommy Weber

more prestige with a middle-priced car; this market has tumbled from 37% to 26% of all sales in a little over two years. Moreover, as consumers' incomes have risen, the U.S. public has developed new wants to compete with cars. While cars slump, other industries are booming. The man who used to tinker with his car now installs a do-it-yourself tile bathroom; his auto is too complicated to fuss with, anyway. He may spend his money on a swimming pool (home pools will grow to a \$400 million business this year) or join the hi-fi boom (now rocking along at \$1.3 billion a year). He can take to the water (boat industry sales are up to \$2 billion) or travel (up to \$20 billion). With fly-now-pay-later plans, he can make the down payment on a three-month, \$6,000 trip round the world for less than the payment on a Chevy sedan.

Says a Denver matron, Ann Sink, who recently decided not to turn in her 1954 Dodge station wagon on a new one: "Americans are getting bored pouring time and money into their cars. There are too many better things to entertain yourself with—outboard motors, new kinds of fishing tackle, skiing, travel. People are just getting too sophisticated to worry about cars."

Packs & Power. Because the consumer has so many other wants, the price of cars has become a big factor. In ten years the list price of a two-door Buick Super sedan has risen from \$1,800 to \$4,000. Now that Walter Reuther is backing down on his wage demands (manufacturers argue that 80% of every new car's cost is wages), the industry hopes to hold the price line in 1959; manufacturers would also like an end to the auto excise tax, which adds 10% to the price of each new car. But they want it soon. All the talk in Congress, where there are nine bills pending to cut or eliminate it, only tends to slow sales still more. Finally, there is so much razzle-dazzle and price-packing in the auto salesman's spiel that list price is a joke. Ford, Plymouth and Chevrolet, for example, all post about the same factory list price on their cars. But by the time all the extras have been tacked on, the actual delivered price is much more. List price and extras



WEST GERMANY'S MERCEDES



GERMANY'S VOLKSWAGEN



FRANCE'S RENAULT



SWEDEN'S VOLVO

TIME CLOCK

SPACESHIP ORDERS will come soon from Washington. Decision now is being made on which companies are to get multimillion-dollar contracts for "Dyna-Soar" (from dynamic soaring), i.e., vehicle that will be boosted up like a rocket but will have wings and controls to permit pilot to orbit freely around globe, then glide back to earth.

AIRWAYS CZAR may soon be appointed and given absolute power to lay down rigid sky traffic rules to prevent mid-air collisions. Law is hastily being drafted to create a federal aviation agency, which would merge all air controls for military and commercial planes.

POTENT ANTISTRIKE weapon has come from ICC. It ordered truckers and railroads to give pick-up and delivery service to customers that are hit by strikes, picketing or labor fights. Rule knocks out labor contracts that permit Teamsters to honor picket lines.

for a four-door, six-cylinder Ford Custom 300 in Manhattan:

List price	\$1,930.00
Federal tax	154.00
Freight	72.50
Dealer handling	44.72
Automatic transmission	179.80
Power brakes	37.10
Power steering	68.70
Radio	77.10
Heater	70.80
Undercoating	12.80
Two-tone paint	21.60
Total at delivery	\$2,669.12

Oklahoma's Democratic Senator Mike Monroney, strongly seconded by both G.M. and Ford, is pressing for a bill requiring dealers to tag all cars with the list of extras and delivered price so that customers know precisely what the factory price is and the price of all extras they are getting. Says one Manhattan businessman: "These car dealers have no idea how much distrust they have built up."

As for workmanship, the tales of the lemons are legion. Cars arrive from the factory with unwelded cross braces, drill bits broken off in screw holes, leaky windows, poor body fitting, the wrong parts—or missing parts. When customers complain, they get little sympathy. The stock answer to every automotive woe from leaky trunks to loose air vents is, as one Milwaukee owner sadly reports, "Can't fix it; they all do that." Says a Los Angeles dealer: "Labor better get smart as to what's happening in the auto business."

One of the things that sold cars during the 1950s was the horsepower race. Everyone piled on the power, not only for speed but also to run all the new gadgets that consumers enjoyed. Though the higher horsepower makes passing on highways safer, many a critic says that perhaps Detroit should not have bowed to public taste, since the horsepower cuts gasoline mileage. But the industry can cite figures to show that ton mileage has actually improved 5.8% in the last ten years.

FROZEN BABY FOODS are on the way. Insiders report that General Foods plans to introduce line in test markets this summer, start mass sales by fall.

SALES LEAD among U.S. department stores went to 42-link Federated chain (Bloomingdale's of Manhattan, Abraham & Straus of Brooklyn, Filene's of Boston). Federated edged Allied Stores for first time, \$635 million to \$632 million in 1957, earned \$25 million to Allied's \$12.3 million.

SHIP v. PLANE RACE for tourist supremacy on North Atlantic will be won by planes this year for first time. Air passengers on Atlantic run will jump about 20% to 1,213,000.

WAGE FREEZE has been proposed by A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s International Woodworkers, representing 45,000 men in Northwest's depressed lumber industry.

Rise of the Midgets. One big sales argument for small, less powerful European cars is economy. But the midgets are beginning to catch on for reasons a lot more complex than good gas mileage. "Our company has been testing this market by importing Ford of England products ever since 1949," says Benson Ford. "For years the experiment was a flop, with sales averaging only about 3,000 a year." Now the foreign cars are the hottest thing on the market. In five years imports have grown from 28,961 annually to 266,827, a healthy 3.46% of the total auto market. Forecast for 1958: a gain to 300,000 or more cars, 7% of all U.S. auto sales.

In barely two years West Germany's front-running Volkswagen has doubled sales to 64,000 cars annually. France's second-place Renault, which sold 22,586 cars last year, has sold almost that many in the first four months of 1958; Italy's Fiat, here only since last June, has already sold 15,000 cars, converted four freighters into auto carriers that can bring in 1,000 cars at a clip. Behind the leaders range a dozen other makes from Britain's boxy Hillman to Sweden's Volvo. Years ago foreign cars were rare outside metropolitan New York and Los Angeles. Today they are almost as popular in New Orleans and Chicago, Denver and Dallas.

Reverse Snobbery. Though small cars are far from as comfortable as "Detroit's Dinosaurs," people who buy them like their chromeless functionalism, relatively low price and low upkeep. Says Cleveland Suburbanite Corrie G. Scheid: "It's silly to use a 4,000-lb. machine to carry a 110-lb. woman five blocks for 10 lbs. of groceries." And those with their eyes on the gas gauge find 30-35 miles per gallon a welcome relief after U.S. cars. One Los Angeles lawyer traded his Cadillac for a Volkswagen, and figures that he saves \$39 a month in operating costs.

What really sells small cars is not so much their utility as their "style." The small car has its own inverted snob appeal, which rubs off on every buyer. Many

of the first buyers were hot-rodding egg-heads, members of a mechanical intelligentsia who wanted something different. Most small-car buyers, said Los Angeles Renault Dealer John Green, who is aiming at selling 25,000 cars annually, "are people who can afford a larger car. We have a map, and there are hardly any pins in the poorer section of the city. It's like Bing Crosby wearing a sweat shirt to a party. Everybody knows he has a tuxedo if he wants to wear it."

Detroit's Big Three all have stripped-down models selling for little more than \$2,000, only \$300 or so higher than most small cars. Yet these models find comparatively few takers because buyers fear friends would think this was all they could afford. But the man who pays only \$1,800 for a Volkswagen automatically becomes a member of the intelligentsia—and a very shrewd judge of a dollar. As San Francisco Dealer Clarence Krieger says: "When a man buys a foreign car, all he needs is an Ivy League cap, and he becomes a sport."

The mere idea of owning something that is new and different is often enough to send people hurrying off to the foreign-car dealer. Chancy A. Forrester, a 79-year-old retired druggist in Adel, Iowa, recently bought a \$12,000 Mercedes-Benz 300-D, which he describes as "purity near perfect. This is the first of its kind in Iowa, and only the 14th in the United States." Says Amanda Berls, a 62-year-old Manhattan woman, who bought herself a 120-m.p.h. Jaguar XK-150: "Men look on you with a great deal of awe and respect. Owning one has given me a sort of superiority complex. I wouldn't give two tulips for a Cadillac."

Designs & Dealers. A few diehard Detroiters still regard the small car as more of a nuisance than a competitor. They argue that it is a fad, that the glamour will wear off as they become more popular. Detroit does not agree that chromeless designs are the coming rage. Nor could automen change if they would. The lead time on design changes is 17 months, and the 1959 models were frozen long before the complaints started. For 1959 the automen will pile on even more chrome; lines will be even more sweeping. Chrysler will be finnier than ever, with tails that zoom up, out and rearward; Cadillac's fins will be higher, the car itself lower and slightly wider. Chevy will be wider, lower and almost as long as a small Cadillac. Only Ford will hold the line with a modest face lifting, mainly ornaments, and a return to the traditional round taillights instead of 1958's oval design.

Detroit may be right that small-car sales will soon level off. But one of the reasons sales are climbing so fast is that more and more U.S. car dealers have taken on small cars until there are 11,088 agencies spread round the U.S. Detroit grumbles about dealer loyalty. Yet loyalty comes hard to many U.S. dealers, who have had troubles with the factory. Says Los Angeles' Mel Alsbury, one of the industry's most respected dealers and a 30-year Chrysler-Plymouth veteran whose

cars have added to Chrysler's fame by winning the Mobilgas Economy Run three times: "My biggest complaint is that when the 1957 line was going fast, I just couldn't get stock. Then I took on the Renault line. If it wasn't for those little cars, I don't know if we could stay in business."

1,000,000 a Year? How big the market will grow is anyone's guess. Some small-car importers put the potential as high as 1,000,000 cars annually. Detroit doubts it. Nevertheless, the Big Three are taking a long, fresh look at the possibilities. General Motors already imports its Vauxhalls and Opels at the rate of 23,000 annually; Ford is deep in the market with 27,350 English Fords this year, will soon start importing the German Taunus at the rate of 8,600 a year. Despite all rumors, neither Ford nor G.M. nor Chrysler plans to produce a small car in the U.S.—at least right now. The market is still too small, must be at least 500,000 cars.

What the industry has done is survey the field to discover what the U.S. would want in an American-built small car—just in case. Findings: the average U.S. auto buyer is ready to invest in a U.S. small car, but he is unwilling to give up the accustomed miracles of Detroit engineering. He wants automatic transmission, power steering, smooth, American-type riding qualities, plenty of gadgets, loads of interior and luggage space and lots of horsepower. In effect, the desire is for everything the U.S. car already is, only to fit, shorter, and somehow a lot cheaper. In any case, a U.S. model would probably be a "compact" car, something like the Rambler, rather than a small car. Nor will it be cheap. Volkswagen learned that fact of life. It planned to manufacture in the U.S., but found that it cost at least \$100 per car more. There was one overriding difference—labor cost.

If and when the Big Three put out a compact car, the U.S. may see a complete reshuffling of its autos. Sales of today's medium-priced models, which are taking the worst sales licking, may shrink further, and some cars may drop out entirely. In their place, bigger, flashier Fords, Chevies and Plymouths may move up to fill the gap between low-priced and high-priced autos. At the bottom will be a new market for utility autos, simply for transportation.

Whatever the problems of the U.S. auto industry, Detroit is confident that they will be solved. The automaten at General Motors, Ford and Chrysler have been through all these troubles before. Gambling hundreds of millions each year on their new cars, the industry's leaders know that auto tastes are almost as fickle as those in women's fashions. But they also feel that since they are turning out what they are sure 95% of the customers want, they will start selling again when the consumers get over recession fears. Says General Motors' Red Curtice, a careful man with a prediction: "It is my belief that we will see an upswing in automobile sales with the introduction of the 1959 models in the fourth quarter."

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Radiation Belt

Space near the earth is not as beset with micrometeorites as some space pessimists have feared. During last week's Washington meeting of the American Physical Society, Drs. Edward Manning and Maurice Dubin of the Air Force Cambridge Research Center told about the experiences of the Army's satellite Explorer 1, which carries two meteorite detectors. One of them, a microphone that picks up the slight vibrations in the satellite's shell that are caused by the smallest dust particles, registered only seven hits during the 120 minutes that the transmitter could be heard. The other detector, a set of delicate coils designed to be damaged electrically by meteorites at least 10 microns ($1/2500$ in.) in diameter, showed no more than one hit (possibly none) in 32 days. The satellite was not damaged, and Manning and Dubin conclude that only long exposure to this concentration of micrometeorites would do it any harm.

Choked Tubes. Less reassuring news came from a team of cosmic ray experts at the State University of Iowa headed by Dr. James A. Van Allen. Both Explorer I and Explorer III, said Van Allen, ran into a belt of intense radiation at about 600 miles elevation. Each of the satellites carries a single Geiger tube to count cosmic rays. The radio transmitter of Explorer I sends a signal whenever the tube has made 128 counts. Explorer III has a magnetic tape that records the tube's counts during each circuit of the earth and reports to a ground station.

When the Explorers' orbits were carrying them near the earth, they both reported reasonable numbers of cosmic rays, around 30 per second, but as they climbed up toward their apogees the count came faster. At 1,100 kilometers (684 miles) the tubes registered as high as 140 counts per second. Then a strange thing happened. As the satellites climbed even higher, the transmitters reported no rays at all. During orbit after orbit the counter of Explorer III was silent for 15 minutes. When the satellites swung down again to lower levels, they resumed reporting reasonable numbers of cosmic rays.

Van Allen was sure that no free beta could exist between the earth and space. The only reasonable explanation, he decided, was that the silenced Geiger tubes had been knocked out temporarily by radiation too intense for them to handle. So he subjected a spare tube to X-ray bombardment in the laboratory. After studying its behavior, he decided that the tubes carried by the satellites must have passed through radiation equivalent to 35,000 counts per second, but were so choked up that they could not report their experience.

Plasma from the Sun. The radiation belt, Van Allen conjectured, is probably a "plasma" made of disassociated hydrogen atoms (protons and electrons) that came originally from the sun and are held

high above the earth by the earth's magnetic field. The belt may extend outward for two earth radii (8,000) miles before it disappears. Van Allen suspects that the supply of plasma fluctuates a good deal: the particles tend to leak down to the earth's atmosphere and are replenished from time to time by fresh particles shot into space by disturbances on the sun.

The radiation zone is by no means a "death belt" that will keep humans from reaching space, but it might do some damage to men who live for a long time in a satellite. Van Allen figured that the radiation level inside the satellite might reach



Walter Bennett

RAY EXPERT VAN ALLEN
The Explorers were struck dumb.

about 0.06 roentgens per hour. At this rate a man would receive in five hours his maximum weekly permissible dose of 0.3 roentgens. A small amount of lead shielding would reduce the dose to a supportable level. The crew of an outbound spaceship need not worry about the radiation belt. If moving fast enough to leave the earth, they would pass through it in about 20 minutes.

How Far the Moon?

Voyage to distant planets seemed blissfully easy a few years ago, because they were theoretical. Now that satellites, the first crude spaceships, are actually on orbit, spacemen are being asked to deliver real transportation, and a voyage even to the nearby moon looks disturbingly hard. The Astronautics Symposium sponsored in Denver last week by the Air Force and the Institute of the Aeronautical Sciences heard more about the staggering difficulties of space flight than about its rosy prospects.

One of the romantic notions withered by reality is that of human space explorers who will sail out into the solar system

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like Columbus into the Western Ocean. The day of these heroes may come, but most of the scientists who spoke at Denver think it will not come soon. The present job, they said, is to gather scientific information, and this can be accomplished better by expendable instruments than by fragile, weighty humans. Some of their opinions and projects:

¶ A tremendous amount of work must be done before even one man can ride an earth satellite said Dr. William H. Pickering, director of the Army's Jet Propulsion Laboratory. A payload of several thousand pounds must be placed on orbit. The re-entry problem must be solved in a way that will give the human passenger a fair chance to survive. Many new instruments and gadgets must be developed. "Granted that we have done all these things," said Pickering, "it seems to me that we should now ask the question: 'What do we gain by placing a man in the vehicle?'" Pickering's answer: a satellite-borne human would be hardly more than a hitchhiker. A much smaller payload of instruments could make far better observations, transmitting the information by radio or sending pictures back to earth in some sort of armored capsule. "If a human passenger is a part of the data transmission system," said Pickering, "he will only, as the communications engineers say, add noise to the system and degrade the data."

¶ With humans eliminated, the scientists agreed, a great deal of space exploration will be possible in a few years. Dr. J. Halcombe Laning Jr. of M.I.T. described an unmanned vehicle designed to photograph Mars. It would carry optical devices to observe the sun and the stars. It could watch Mars too, and steer toward it by means of small rockets. Swinging around Mars it could take pictures through a camera showing objects 500 ft. long; then it would return to earth with its cargo of information. The whole vehicle, said Dr. Laning, need weigh only 300 lbs. He thinks it could be tossed to Mars in about five to seven years from now, with no major technical breakthrough.

National prestige may make it important to shoot humans through space, but an actual landing on the moon or a planet is about the only mission for which a human crew would be a profitable payload. Some of the scientists at Denver thought that the first landings should be made by instruments to feel out the ground, but all agreed that only the alert and flexible human brain can do full justice to unexpected phenomena. Even on the nearby moon, the unexpected is to be expected. No one knows for sure what the actual surface is like.

¶ The moon's flat *maria* (waterless "seas") are almost certainly covered with lava that poured out on the surface billions of years ago, said Astronomer Gerard Kuiper of Yerkes Observatory. In those days, Kuiper told the astronauts at Denver, the moon's interior was kept liquid by radioactivity, so any disturbance, such as a large meteor impact, was likely to cause an upwelling of lava. Kuiper thinks that smooth places on the *maria* will make

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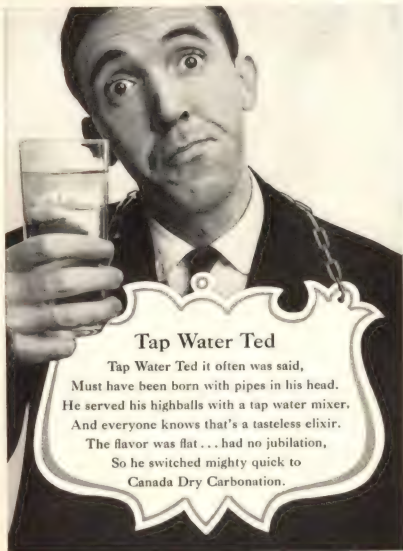
"Perhaps we have a little broader perspective," he says with a smile, pointing out that his staff comes from all over America. "A national point of view in advertising and selling depends on breadth of vision, not just on a view from the window in one of the more usual canyons of commerce."

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firm landing spots for earth's spaceships. ¶ Not so optimistic was Astronomer Thomas Gold of Harvard. Gold pointed out that the ring-shaped meteor craters on the moon can be given comparative ages by the way they overlap, and that the walls of the oldest ones are generally low. This means, said Gold, that during the 4 billion years or so of the moon's life, its exposed rock has been slowly turned into dust by bombardment of rays and particles from the sun and space. The dust, kept stirred up by the same agents that formed it, has flowed like a slow liquid into the moon's low places. So the maria, said Gold, are not filled with lava, but with dust, perhaps several miles deep.



Archie Lebern 30—Black Star
ASTRONOMER KUIPER
Smooth landings on lunar seas?

Gold suspects that the dust near the surface is still as fluffy as baby powder. He warned that an unwary spaceship that lands on a smooth lunar plain might disappear in dry quicksand.

¶ Astronomer Fred Whipple of Harvard thinks that although the moon may have plenty of dust, its surface has been solidified. There may be a thin layer "like dust on a grand piano," but the underlying material, cemented together (not stirred up) by bombardment from space, is probably "crunchy" and strong enough to support an alighting spaceship.

¶ Before a large manned spaceship tries to land on the moon, said Dr. John Barnes of U.C.L.A., it might be a good idea to test the treacherous surface from a safe distance. A nuclear bomb exploded on the moon would tell a good deal, but its radioactivity would contaminate the virgin surface. Dr. Barnes suggests that a small amount of chemical explosive would be enough. Once planted on the moon, it could be exploded by a signal from a moon satellite. The same satellite could capture tossed-up debris, and tell by examining it whether that part of the moon is a safe landing place.

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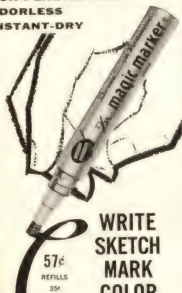


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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Mam'zelle Pigalle (Films-Around-the-World). Brigitte Bardot's sixth major U.S. release, contains enough provocative photography to age a teen-ager the Briggitters and to accelerate his grandfather's Bardotage. Though Brigitte wears more than 15 costumes, one suitcase could easily carry the lot. When not wearing a bikini, she wriggles about in tutus, tights and gossamer nighties. Once she wears a



BRIGITTE AS MAM'ZELLE
"Ouch!"

pirate suit that is slashed at the most astonishing points.

But as usual, her favorite costume is the wrap-around towel that does not quite wrap around. Unhappily, the makers of this movie spend so much time exposing Brigitte that they seem to overlook the exposition of the story—which becomes especially unclear whenever Actress Bardot is on the screen. Still and all, the plot makes more sense than some of the subtitles. "Merde!" cries Brigitte, and the English translation helpfully explains: "Ouch!"

Another Time, Another Place (Lantern Productions; Paramount) should provide an answer to one of Hollywood's most pressing questions: How will the recent scandal about Lana Turner's private life affect her public appeal? At a preview of this picture, when Actress Turner's name flashed on the screen, cheers rocked the galleries. The picture itself might more suitably be greeted with groans, but it is just the sort of soap



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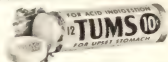


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opera that can be useful in laundering a reputation.

On the screen, as she is in person, Lana is romantically involved without benefit of clergy, but on the screen, or so the dialogue would seem to suggest, her only guilt is her innocence—the cad (Sean Connery) never told her he was married. He is a great big sophisticated British newscaster, she is a poor little wide-eyed American newspaper correspondent. They meet in London during World War II, and she never doubts that bedding will lead to wedding until he tells her the awful truth. "I don't want to hurt you," he explains. "but I don't



CONNERY & TURNER
Her guilt is innocence.

want to hurt my wife and child either." To make matters worse, Lana has already ditched her steady beau (Barry Sullivan). "I'll have to look through your letters," Sullivan snarls. "Maybe I've missed something." In view of the headlines, audiences are inclined to snicker at this point. Anyway, that rat of an Englishman is soon exterminated in a plane crash, and the picture dies with him. For the next hour Actress Turner conducts a peculiarly sniffly and tedious wake.

Unfortunately, Actress Turner is responsible for more than her own acting. As proprietor of the company that co-produced this picture, Cinemagrate Turner must also take some of the credit for the picture's treacly taste, clumsy structure and prevailing mood of moral Lanarchy.

Uncle Vanya (Uncle Vanya Co.), the first U.S. attempt to film a play by Anton Chekhov, is hardly what that precise Russian doctor would have ordered. For one thing, the picture was made on a shoe-string (\$250,000)—and was strangled by it. The sets look like cardboard: the

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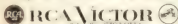
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sound track is frequently almost inaudible: the lighting seems to have been done by a compulsive bulb snatcher. Worse yet, Directors John Goez and Franchot Tone have tried to make a motion picture without motion, for the most part, they simply set up their camera in front of an off-Broadway production of the play (TIME, Feb. 13, 1956) and let it roll. Unfortunately, what looked good to sixth-row center often seems suspiciously theatrical to the camera's critical eye. All the main performances—Franchot Tone as the doctor, George Voskovec as Vanya, Dolores Dorn-Helt as the young wife—are curiously out of emotional focus, and some clumsily cutting in the early scenes confuses the impression still further. As for the Russian atmosphere, the company achieves little more than a general impression of cold tea.

For all that, Chekhov's drama from the first scene drags the moviegoer's feelings into its sluggish circles of despair as a whirlpool drags at a chip. Seldom since *Oedipus Rex* has a dramatist so largely glimpsed the passion of inertia. Nothing happens; everything happens. And always over the evening stupor of his lives the writer's ironies play like summer lightnings—barely perceptible, remotely ominous, subtly illuminating. Even when he is badly done, Chekhov makes a remarkably good show.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Rouge et Noir. The edge of Stendhal's satire is dulled by sentiment, but all the same his great novel makes a good movie; with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Antonella Lualdi (TIME, May 6).

The Young Lions. Irwin Shaw's best-seller about World War II, clarified by an intelligent script and two gifted actors, Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift (TIME, April 14).

Stage Struck. Local girl makes good on Broadway—the hard way—with Susan Strasberg, Henry Fonda (TIME, April 7).

The High Cost of Loving. The hilarious private life of a rising young white-collar couple, described by Scriptwriter Rip Van Ronkel and Actor-Director José Ferrer (TIME, March 24).

The Enemy Below. A DE (Robert Mitchum) and a U-boat (Curt Jürgens) tangle in a running fracas that is sharply directed by Dick Powell (TIME, Jan. 13).

The Bridge on the River Kwai. Winner of seven Academy Awards as 1957's best picture by the year's best director (David Lean) with the year's best actor (Alec Guinness)—a magnificent story of the horror and the glory of war (TIME, Dec. 23).

Ordet. A luminously beautiful religious allegory (TIME, Dec. 10).

Paths of Glory. A passionate polemic against war and the vested disinterest of those who monger it; with Kirk Douglas (TIME, Dec. 9).

Don't Go Near the Water. Bell-bottom farce about how some officers and men conducted the Navy's public relations—and their own private affairs—in the South Pacific (TIME, Nov. 25).



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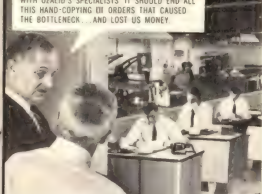


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Family Album

THE CHURCHILLS (430 pp.)—A. L. Rowse—Harper [\$7.50].

Britain's A. L. Rowse is to history what C. S. Forester is to fiction. Rowse heroes—Sir Francis Drake, Sir Richard Grenville, Sir Winston Churchill—all carry the inimitable Horatio Hornblower stamp and are portrayed by Rowse in the way Sir



LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL
He maddened Queen Victoria.

Winston was advised by Lady Lavery to paint: "Splash into the turpentine, wallow into the blue and white, frantic flourish on the palette . . . large, fierce strokes and slashes . . . on the absolutely covering canvas." In the second of his two volumes on the Spencer-Churchill families (TIME, Oct. 1, 1956), Rowse splashes and wallows his way from the death of the great Duke of Marlborough in 1722 to the epoch of the great Winnie without losing for an instant his zest for large, fierce, frantic flourishes. Little men just disappear like blue streaks under this treatment, but most of the Spencers and Churchills are tough enough to face Rowse without cowering. Two centuries of them include:

¶ Sarah Churchill, first Duchess of Marlborough and widow of the duke, who took control of the family fortunes "with her usual energy . . . self-satisfaction . . . omniscience and exasperation." Declaring "I mortally hate abuses or money foolishly thrown away." Sarah reigned over her descendants from the cradle to maturity for two full generations. Her letters bubble with energetic, dogmatic advice, orders and maxims, particularly when the young scions are studying on the

Continent: "All the French women are cheats"; "It is better to go without . . . civilities than to pay too dear for them"; "Dancing gives men a good air and fencing should be learnt . . . Medals and antiquities, painting and sculpture, I don't look upon to be the most useful knowledge to anybody." As an example to the youths, Sarah cited the case of a Frenchman of "about three score," then in England, "who has learned in [only] a year's time to read all the English authors, and both to write and speak English: his name [Sarah happens to mention] is Voltaire."

¶ Charles Spencer, third Duke of Marlborough, was the first to escape Sarah's whip hand, hailed his freedom with debts and extravagances totaling some half a million pounds. Charles died in 1758 in the Seven Years' War, a few months after his precipitous withdrawal by sea from Cherbourg had given France's Duc d'Alençon the exquisite triumph of sending after him "a vessel under a flag of truce to restore the Duke of Marlborough's silver teaspoons which he had left behind in his hurry."

¶ George, fourth duke, exhibited the family's growing "relaxation of fiber," and "withdrew from the struggle of life into seclusion and silence." He spent lavishly on the family seat, Blenheim Palace, beautifying the grounds but so cluttering up the interior that Horace Walpole said: "It looks like the palace of an auctioneer who has been chosen King of Poland."

¶ George, fifth duke, is best known for reducing the family "to decay and . . . disgrace" and, simultaneously, resuming "the old surname of Churchill." "The house [is] ill-lighted," said a visitor, "and all the servants, I believe, bailiffs."

¶ Lord Randolph Henry Spencer Churchill, brother of the eighth duke, restored the family dignity, whetted the sword that his greater son would wield. "He was a little man full of vibrant nervous energy," Lord Randolph feared nobody—least of all Liberal Leader William Ewart Gladstone, whose fondness for the healthy exercise of axing trees he excoriated with pungent brevity: "The forest laments, in order that Mr. Gladstone may perspire." Other of his brisk remarks have passed into the language, e.g., his description of snobbish businessmen as "lords of suburban villas . . . owners of vineries and pineries"; of Gladstone, "the Old Man in a hurry." At 37, Lord Randolph was Leader of the House of Commons, boss of the Treasury ("the youngest since Pitt"), and husband of the American beauty, Jennie Jerome. He maddened old Queen Victoria with his pugnacity and determination. "The youngest member of the

* The second to bear the Marlborough title was no duke but a duchess. In the absence of a male heir to the first duke—whose only son died of smallpox in 1703—an act of Parliament permitted the dukedom to pass in the female line. His daughter Henrietta (1681-1733) succeeded him as second Duchess, became a great and good friend of Playwright William Congreve,

Cabinet must *not* be allowed to dictate to the others," she barked. "Lord Salisbury must really put his foot down." Eventually, Prime Minister Salisbury put it down hard—and Lord Randolph flashed into obscurity like "Lucifer . . . fallen from among the stars."

In daubing the character and career of Lord Randolph's stupendous son Winston, Rowse makes clear that the father's tragic fall from power served more than anything else to spur the son to glory. Among Sir Winston's faults Rowse cites his lack of "some intuitive tactile sense to tell him what others were thinking and (especially) feeling." Rowse attributes this partly to Sir Winston's breeding: the "very strength of the two natures mixed in him, the self-willed English aristocrat and the equally self-willed primitive American" combined to make him greater as a national savior than as an everyday politician. This view of human character as a sort of neatly mixed blood pudding need not be taken too seriously by Author Rowse's primitive U.S. readers, who will find this hearty, bouncing chronicle a pleasant change from more subtle, sophisticated works of history.

Old Men of the Sea

THE MAGIC BARREL (214 pp.)—Bernard Malamud—Farrar, Straus & Cudahy [\$3.75].

In taking the Old Man of the Sea upon his shoulders, Sindbad the Sailor thought he was merely performing a small favor. But once the Old Man's legs were locked about his neck, Sindbad seemed doomed to carry his burden forever. This theme, that one good turn deserves another, and another and another, runs like a magic thread through nearly half the 13 short stories in this new book by Bernard Malamud, 44, an assistant professor of English at Oregon State College whose *The*



BERNARD MALAMUD
He transfigures the sweaty.

David Lees



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Assistant (TIME, April 29, 1957) was one of the best of last year's U.S. novels.

The theme is most explicitly stated in *The Last Mohican*, a wry and witty fable about a serious-minded student named Fidelman who goes to Italy to write a monograph on Giotto. He scarcely steps from his train in Rome before his personal Old Man of the Sea latches onto him; one Shimon Susskind, a slat-hin Jewish refugee from... of all places, Israel ("The desert air makes me constipated").

"Why Not Five?" Susskind's hand is always out, while his mind is nimbly at work on projects that range from the selling of nylon to the peddling of statues of the Virgin Mary. Fidelman desperately attempts to fend him off, first with hand-outs, then with insults, but Susskind clings like chewing gum to a shoe: he pops up in a trattoria to spoil Fidelman's appetite by hungrily watching him eat; he stands shivering at his side to shame Fidelman for having worn clothing. Given four dollars, Susskind contemptuously counts the money, demands: "If four, then why not five?" Giotto forgotten, Fidelman is systematically robbed and humiliated, but learns what wise men have known for centuries: that a man is responsible for the life he saves.

In the title story, the Old Man of the Sea is played by an extraordinarily antic marriage broker who enmeshes a young rabbinical student as thoroughly as Susskind did Fidelman. *The Mourner* tells of a gross landlord who, in trying to dispossess an unhinged tenant, becomes instead his brother. *The Loan* joins a man who desperately needs help with one who desperately wants to give it but cannot: they "embraced and sighed over their lost youth. They pressed mouths together and parted forever." *Behold the Key* is a vastly comic story of a young American whose search for an inexpensive Roman apartment sends him ricocheting from one involved and Machiavellian Italian to another and leaves him on the last page dazed, dazzled and without an apartment but wholly in love with Italy. Author Malamud's deft hand slips occasionally, as in *The Lady of the Lake*, an oddly unconvincing tale about a Jew who denies his Jewishness, and in *Angel Levine*, a heavily symbolic account of a Negro angel that is not as rewarding as the old Jewish joke on which it is based.

Transfigured View. Malamud is primarily a fantasist who starts out with people as sweetly and real as subway rush-hour passengers, but soon has them clothed in white and silver and singing hosannahs. His characters have the compelling quality of doing astonishingly inappropriate things and then forcing others to recognize a rightness in their appalling behavior. At his best, Malamud is often as funny and earthy as the great Jewish humorist, Shalom Aleichem. But in his transfigured view of the world he may lie even closer to François Mauriac, the Catholic moralist who also holds that "the marks left by one individual upon another are eternal, and not with impunity can some other's destiny cross our own."

Who's Who

I'm Not Stiller (363 pp.)—Max Frisch—Abelard-Schuman (\$4.50).

It was a U.S. passport, issued in the name of Sam White by the American consul in Mexico City. The customs officer at the Swiss border seized it and said abruptly to Sam: "Come with me." "My train will be leaving any minute," protested Sam. "Is there something wrong with my passport?" But the official handed him over to an inspector of police, who began firing absurd questions at him: "You have



Erica Eichen

MAX FRISCH
Is a different man the same?

a wife living in Paris. Is that right?" "So you yourself are a sculptor . . . Is that right?" Before long, Sam, a bachelor and no sculptor, realized that he was in a nasty hole—a victim of mistaken identity.

Shut up in a neat, clean prison cell (expressive of hygienic Swiss democracy), Sam tries to keep a cool head. He learns that he is taken for a Swiss named Anatol Ludwig Stiller, who disappeared six years ago. Stiller, it seems, callously abandoned his wife, Ballet Dancer Julika, when she was half dead with tuberculosis; he also left unpaid debts and broke Swiss law by failing, as a reservist, to ask the authorities for permission to leave the country. "I'm not Stiller!" Sam keeps shouting. But after Stiller's old conscript's uniform, much moth-eaten, is tried on Sam for size and found baggy, he is told: "You've grown thinner."

Rose-Hip Jam. The patient, democratic Swiss provide Sam with a defense counsel, who drops in every day for a little chat and begs Sam to own up to being Stiller. And soon, Stiller's wife, who is "convinced that she knows her husband better than he knows himself," arrives at the prison and "recognizes" Sam immediately. Julika is a beauty, with hair "red, like rose-hip jam," and the authorities

encourage Sam to take long walks with her and reminisce about "their" married life. Since Julika is just Sam's type, he soon finds himself making love to her—and thinking what an ass Stiller was to leave her for another woman.

As the weeks pass, Sam learns all there is to learn about Stiller. He sees Stiller's old studio and pieces of sculpture, meets Stiller's friends and relations. He even meets the woman whom Stiller ran away with: she is the wife of the lawyer who has been chosen to prosecute him.

At this halfway point, the reader begins to see clearly what Swiss Novelist Frisch is up to, i.e., a sort of Franz Kafka's *Castle* in reverse. In the Kafka fable, the modern hero struggled to gain entry into an official world that denied his existence; in *I'm Not Stiller*, he struggles to deny the existence that the same world imposes on him. And, as in *The Castle*, the setting and characters in *I'm Not Stiller* may be understood symbolically as well as really. Sam's "prison" is his own fear. The "border" at which he is arrested divides fantasy from reality. The "prosecuting counsel" is the accusing finger of a wronged husband; the "defense counsel" is the part of Sam that longs to be at peace with the world.

Ingenious Blend. But can Sam be proved to be Stiller? That is the question—and it is one that has always intrigued the theologians and philosophers who have delved into the problem of personal identity. "Good Swiss commonsense" knows that "Sam White" is the fiction of a desperate man who is determined to escape not only from his past but from the self by which he is known to others. But the Stiller beneath the Sam is equally sure that there is much more in him than others can perceive: by running away to the New World and becoming "another" person, he has asserted his right to mature into "a different man." But if Stiller and "Swiss commonsense" are both right, who is Stiller? "Who is misrepresenting whom?"

Author Frisch's solution is an ingenious blend of religion and psychology. He argues his case with subtlety and a nice sense of drama; he is a playwright as well as a novelist. The only difficulty readers will find in his book is that it starts off with the bang of a whodunit and then tails off into the world of Germanic near mysticism. *I'm Not Stiller* is already a European bestseller and has been hailed as a masterpiece; perhaps it is more accurate to describe it as the first novel since World War II that has tried to exploit the rich, mixed inheritance handed down by Kafka, Koestler and Mann.

Italian with Tears

Two Women (339 pp.)—Alberto Moravia—Farrar, Straus & Cudahy (\$4.95).

Novelist Alberto Moravia (*The Woman of Rome*, *Conjugal Love*) has often written about sex as man's bex. In *Two Women* he all but abandons sensuality for sorrow, all but ignores the battle of the sexes for the real war that raged across



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disease of lockjaw that can result from common accidents.

And then there are *polio* and *influenza*. Remember that polio is by no means limited to children. It often strikes adults, frequently in severe form. As for influenza, recent epidemics have underscored the need for immunization. Remember, too, that a childhood smallpox vaccination cannot be relied upon to give permanent protection.

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his native Italy in the '40s. The result is a novel curiously dated as to period and theme, but strikingly different as a work from Moravia.

The two women are a 35-year-old mother and her 18-year-old daughter. Cesira is a widowed shopkeeper whose sole strength is her daughter's need of her. Rosetta's convent education has scarcely prepared the girl for a world in which the bombers seem almost to have crowded God out of the heavens. When the bombing of Rome appears imminent, the two women flee southeast to the mountain fastnesses where Cesira was born. The return of the native proves harsh.

In a *Pigsty*. The quality of the peasants' mercy is severely war-strained. When the slatternly mistress of the first refuge proposes to barter away Rosetta's virginity with the local Fascist bullyboys in exchange for her deserter sons' safety. Cesira and daughter take to the mountain roads in a pre-dawn escape. Their next haven is a dirt-floored hut. This time they fall in with a family of peasants who wash their feet in a common basin, slurp up their daily bread-and-bean mush from a common bowl, and sleep on wooden planks padded with corn shucks. But the peasants' manners are not quite so crude as their characters—grasping, thieving, sullen, vicious, cynical.

The most unsympathetic foreigner would hesitate to paint such a venomous rogues' gallery of Italians, but the reader's conviction is likely to be that Novelista Moravia has drawn his straight from life. After Mussolini's return to power in 1943 as a Nazi puppet, Moravia, who had been editing an anti-Fascist magazine, hid out for nine months "in a pigsty on top of a mountain" near Monte Cassino. For chapters on end, readers of *Two Women* may feel that they are doing the same.

In a Church. With a typically sardonic Moravian twist, it is Allied troops who finally break the two women's morale. Before the desecrated altar of a shattered church, Rosetta is raped by a squad of French Moroccan soldiers. Her traumatic reaction is to become indiscriminately promiscuous. Cesira, in turn, is reduced to robbing one of her daughter's slain paramours. At novel's end, only the profound Latin conviction that the first duty of life is to go on living keeps the two women sane as they travel the long road back to Rome.

What is strong and moving about *Two Women* stems from the unblinking Italian taste for realism and Author Moravia's vividly tactile imagery, which makes the reader smart with the sting of his heroines' indignities. What is weak and irritating is Leftist Moravia's implicit conviction that war is really a bloody reprise of the class struggle. The only emotion more persuasive than pity that he displays in *Two Women* is self-pity. When it comes to man's fate—the tragedy that lies too deep for tears—Moravia, the master weeper, refuses to open any wound that a woman's handkerchief cannot staunch.

MISCELLANY

Coke Line. In Philadelphia, a worker stopped off to pick up unemployment money from the company that had laid him off, told Employment Manager George Brobyn: "Hurry up, my cab is waiting."

Milestoned. In New Haven, Conn., John Murphy got a suspended sentence when he told a judge that the occasion marked the 500th time he had appeared in city court for drunkenness.

La Donna è Mobile. In Ferrara, Italy, Romolo Bocchi turned in a petition naming him a candidate for the Senate in Italy's May elections, learned that it was not valid because 60 women signers had falsified their ages.

Dear Child. In Alexandria, Va., Lisa Norling, 2, playing with a telephone dial, accidentally made a connection, held an animated conversation with the man on the other end until her father took the phone, learned that his daughter had direct-dialed a number in Sacramento, Calif.

Finger Exercise. In Tokyo, Detective Toshio Asanuma, whose special assignment was to prevent purse snatching on commuter trains, was arrested for snatching a purse on a crowded commuter train.

Down Under Heaven. In Sydney, Australia, a newspaper columnist noted that *Walk into Paradise*, an Australian film about New Guinea, will be called *Walk into Hell* when it is distributed in the U.S.

Qualification. In Mt. Vernon, Ind., Gene E. Brooks threw his hat in the ring for the Democratic nomination for Posey County Prosecutor even though he flunked the bar exams last year.

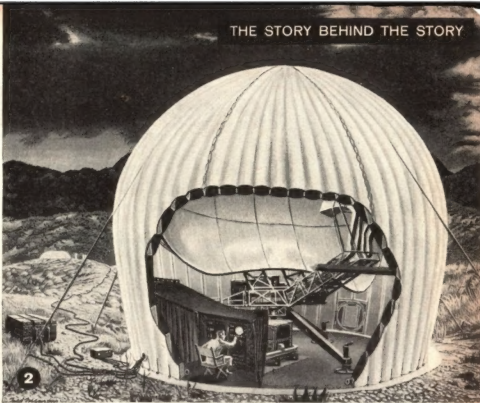
¾ Horsepower. In San Diego, Used Car Dealer O. B. Davey sold a "show horse" to Stephanie Friedman (14), had to give back \$2,363 after she complained in court that the horse had a lame foot, a plastic eye.

Reigning Cats & Dogs. In St. Louis County, Mo., State Weight Inspector Arthur J. Schneider stopped a truck, ordered the driver to rearrange his freight to take excess weight off the rear axle, sympathetically changed his mind when the driver told him the cargo was eight leopards, a cheetah, eight dogs and a panther.

Walled In. In Albuquerque, police approached Alex Novogrudski's car to see why it was blocking traffic, pleaded with him for half an hour after he locked the doors and rolled up the windows, towed him to the police station, spent another hour trying to persuade him to open up, finally broke a window, hauled him out and into court, where he was fined \$55.



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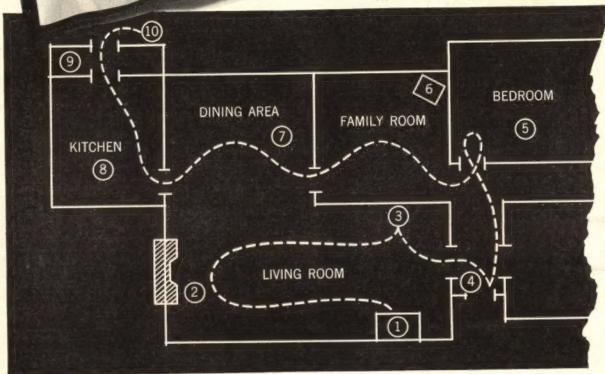
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3 The hi-fi set that he turned off as he left the living room.

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5 His daughter's bedroom where he stopped a moment to watch her drying her hair with the electric hair dryer and admire the dress she had just ironed for her date.

6 The TV, with Junior parked in front of it watching "Masked Riders of the Range."

7 The electric coffeemaker and toaster, ready and waiting to do dinner duty.

8 The all-electric kitchen, where dinner was cooking and Mrs. Nelson was taking ice cubes from the refrigerator—and where the electric dishwasher and clotheswasher and dryer were waiting to do the clean-up chores ahead.

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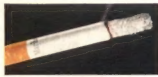


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